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THE UNBURIED DEAD.

BY ALICIA MANN.

It was night upon the wild Khoord Cabool,
And a band of belted brave slumbered there :
They were vanquish'd in the fight,
And they sunk before the light,
For a high and noble race—these they were.
And no solemn-sounding chaunt bless'd the dead ;
And no priest in holy garb kneel'd to pray :
And no roll of muffled drum,
And no comrade's welcome home,
But the reckless bird of blood to its prey.
There were husbands in that band, kind and true :
There were brothers on that cold gory bed :
And in heart and voice of song,
Round the vacant hearth,—how long ?
Long and sore shall Britain's fair mourn those dead !
It was day upon the wild Khoord Cabool,
And a weary weary train passed along :
They had worn the captive's chain,
And they trod free step again,
As they wound the throng'd and still ranks among.
And they gazed upon the pale face of death,
For the sun with mocking shine on it shone,
And they left the field of strife
For the busy camp of life ;
But the band of belted brave slumber'd on !
They will wake not to the dull Indian drum,
While the stars a mounted guard on them keep,
While the restless, restless sun,
As each daily march is won,
Sheds a halo o'er the tired soldier's sleep.
So we leave them to their broad open grave,
To the dew of heaven's cloud, soft and cool,
Unto memory's graven crest,
In the hearts that love them best,
And the stillness of the wild Khoord Cabool.

BALLAD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Why leave ye thus your father's hall,
And hie to the gate so oft ?—
'Tis only to watch the moonlight fall
O'er the waves that sleep so soft.
And why do ye seek one small blue flower
Through every sylvan spot ?—
Oh, 'tis but a gem for a maiden's bower,
A little "forget me not !"
Why wear ye that wreath so dim and dry,
With its leaves all pined and dead ?—
The maid look'd up with a tearful eye,
But never a word she said.
And why for every word ye speak
Have ye twenty sighs of late ?—
The maiden hath bled, with a blushing cheek,
Again to the moonlight gate.
Hark ! is it a sound, indeed, that rings ?
A hoof o'er the wild road press'd ?
Oh, is it her own true knight that springs,
And folds her to his breast ?
And is it that wreath so dark and dry
That meets her knight's fond kiss ?
Again was a tear in the maiden's eye,
But, oh ! 'twas a tear of bliss.

THE TWO FORTUNE HUNTERS OF GALWAY.

BY DR. MILLINGEN.

Author of "The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman," "Stories of Torres Vedras," &c.
In the palmy days of the town of Galway, celebrated for its manufacture of whiskey punch, its quarrels, duels, and rows—royal—no gentleman could vie in notoriety and in all the qualifications required for a "Gentleman from Ireland," with Captain Patrick Burke, vulgarly, or rather familiarly, called Pat Burke, or Paddy Burke. He was an independent man, for he contrived to make a very small income sufficient to pay one per cent on the bills which tradesmen had the impertinence to submit to his consideration.
Captain Burke's education had been neglected, for in childhood his eyes were extremely weak, an affection that was considered hereditary, as his father was in general blind drunk. However, he could spell tolerably well hard words of four, and even five syllables. He could sign his name in a manner quite of his own, and, with some application could copy a letter. Moreover, as our hero was a gentleman born, he could not brook the degradation of having a master, or being taught anything ; therefore his attainments, which mainly consisted in riding, shooting, dog-breaking, pistol-firing, hunting, and drinking, were instinctive

and intuitive. In fine, he was what was usually called in the country, "a broth of a boy." His disposition was tolerably good-natured, and although rather peppery when "egged up" to a quarrel, and, indeed, he had attained his twentieth year without having fought more than five duels, and killed one man.

His parents had not the means of purchasing a commission for their darling boy, and therefore put him in the North Mayo Militia, as the Lord Lieutenant of that county owed them certain sums, of very uncertain payment, which were liquidated by an ensigncy. The Peninsular war was then waxing warm, and Patrick Burke having persuaded a sufficient number of his men to volunteer into the line, obtained a commission in an infantry regiment, and soon embarked for service. They sailed from the Cove of Cork for Lisbon, after laying in an *illigant say stock*, which he paid for by kicking the man who brought him the bill into the sea, by accident entirely.

Our Ensign had not been long in Lisbon when he was ordered to join the army.—He now fell to making love and living in free quarters on his line of march, a custom which he maintained was prescriptive amongst troops of the line, for when he was quartered in a house it was quite clear that the landlord or landlady should halve their substance with him and his servant, which was just "a quarter a-piece." Pat Burke's notion of logic and arithmetic was most instinctive, and he generally found, that what he called the *rule of five* was far more easy than the rule of three. It may be, perhaps, necessary to state that his rule of five meant subtraction and addition with the four fingers and thumb.

Ensign Burke just arrived in time for the desperate battle of Albuera, and one would have imagined that his pugnacious propensities would have been amply indulged in this awful conflict ; but, strange to say, whether it proceeded from the dampness of the weather or bad quality of ration rum—our hero, accustomed all his life to *fall out* with somebody, *fell out* of the ranks and dropped to the rear, complaining of "an all-overness." "A mighty impression on the heart," and "the devil's own pain in the stomach." One of the surgeons, who was busily occupied in cutting off limbs and extracting bullets, told him that nothing ailed him, and our hero, highly offended at his word being doubted, demanded his card. The doctor replied calmly, that he would give him satisfaction when he had recovered from his desperate wounds. Stung at this reproach, Ensign Burke ventured to return towards the fight, when a shell burst close to him, and he was struck down with what he called the "wind of the ball." Again the unmerciful son of Esculapius went up to him, fancying that he was severely hurt, but on being acquainted with the nature of the injury that had produced a severe affection of the bowels, he merely recommended him to take a drop of brandy.

Our invalid contrived to get to the rear, as far as *Olinencia*, with the wounded ; and here, being quartered in the house of a hospitable Spaniard, he followed the Doctor's advice, drank plenty of *Aguardiente*, wanted to kiss his landlady, and thrashed his landlord for having the impudence to interfere.

It may appear strange that a person thus circumstanced, who had unfortunately been taken ill at a moment when every one around him was displaying the most undaunted courage and soldier-like steadiness, in the midst of an unparalleled havoc, could so far have reconciled himself to his situation, without some feelings of shame and degradation. This was not the case with our Galway fire-eater. He did not think that a battle was fair play. A duel was a conflict between man and man, and as he was an unerring shot, the chances were that he would, at any rate, "pink" his antagonist.

He was meditating on his situation, and wandering about the town, not knowing exactly what course to pursue, feeling, strange to say, some qualms in returning to his regiment, when fortunately for him, as he was turning round a corner, the Spaniard, whose wife he had insulted and whom he had thrashed (for the Don was a poor weak creature of about five foot nothing, and our Hibernian measured six foot two), had waylaid him, struck him with a stiletto, and left him for dead in the street.

A party of British soldiers picked him up and carried him to one of the field hospitals. On recovering his senses, the first answer he made to the questions put to him by the surgeon, was, that he had been desperately wounded at Albuera, with a bayonet of a French grenadier, whom he had "*chined*" in twain.

The next morning he was transported, with other wounded, to the Hospitals at Elvas, whence his name was, of course, transmitted to his corps. He had been returned absent, but was now included in the list of wounded, and gazetted as such. The surgeon who had first seen him did not belong to his regiment, and had something else to think of at the time.

The stab Pat Burke received had been severe ; his recovery was slow, and his general health, by intemperate living, was so much impaired, that he was ordered to Lisbon by a medical board. However, before starting, he went to the top of his house, fired two balls through his cap, and hacked with his sword at an iron bar until it was as grappled as a hand-saw. He then most anatomically described to all the youngsters he met on the road, his operation of *chining* the French grenadier, who was roaring out for quarter while he halved him, and showed what a hard skull the fellow must have had, by the deep indentation in his trusty toledo ; although he vowed, with a big oath, that the skull was quite soft, compared to the *ragabone's* midriff, a proof that these *Monseers* could stomach anything.

Arrived at Lisbon, he was attached to the *depôt* and the heavy baggage of his regiment, together with the wives and children of the officers and soldiers at Belem, and although he was not in a flank company, he voted himself a grenadier, and sported an enormous pair of epaulettes, with thundering grenades on his riddled cap, his breastplate, and skirt ornaments.

At this period, Lisbon and Belem were crowded with poor disconsolate officer's wives, who knew not, while dancing, flirting, or card playing, but what they were lonely widows. Many of these afflicted ladies were countrywomen

of Mr. Burke's, choice specimen of "garrison hacks" from Limerick, Cork, and his own beautiful place—sweet Galway—and in a short time he was comforter general and body guard to a host of them. He would eat and drink with them, walk with them, fight for them if necessary, and Desdemona never listened more attentively to the Moor's seductive recital of his escapes in field and flood, than did our faithful dames to the account of his prowess and his chining French grenadiers; a process which he would demonstrate at dinner or supper by splitting up a duck or a goose. This mode of living he found both pleasant and economical, for he contrived to pay for his maintenance by retailing scandal, and mixing in incessant quarrels and squabbles.

It may be easily imagined, that although Mr. Burke fulfilled these duties with due exactitude and diligence, his military ones were sadly neglected. Contrary to Belem orders, he often slept out of quarters, was not unfrequently drunk on guard, and was perpetually embroiled in quarrels, which were brought on by the ladies under his protection. In short, the handsome Irish grenadier, as he was called, figured constantly in the orderly book, admonished and reprimanded, until at last he was brought to a court-martial, and cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The crest-fallen hero of Albuera had not even time to take leave of his fair friends and protégées; he was removed to a frigate by the Provost Marshal, and safely conveyed to England, where, however, that part of his sentence which referred to imprisonment was remitted by the Commander-in-Chief, who, Mr. Burke stoutly asserted, had not dared to carry it into execution, lest there should be a rebellion in Ireland.

During his short stay in London our unfortunate warrior met, at a chop-house, an old acquaintance and townsman, who was reporter and purveyor to an opposition newspaper; he related to him all his mishaps, and the infamous treatment he had experienced, after his heroic conduct at Albuera. Not only did the papers teem with a flaming account of his valour and infamous usage, but his friend introduced him to an Irish artist, who drew him in the act of *chining* the grenadier, and in a few days, in every print shop, this glorious achievement was exhibited, with the inscription, "*The gallant Ensign Burke of — Regiment, chining a French grenadier at Albuera.*"

Captain Burke considered himself, and was considered, a victim of tyranny: nay, a Kerry man of his coterie, declared that he was a *hecetomb* sacrificed to the aristocracy of England, and they swore unutterable oaths on gin-toddy and half-and-half, that since their noble countryman, Patrick Burke, the hero, the conqueror of Albuera, before whose prowess the star of French glory grew dim, trembled, and disappeared—had been shamefully and infamously obliged to *re-sign*—Wellington would be driven into the yawning ocean, and his legions swallowed up in the green deep.

It was one of these *soirees dansantes*, for such indeed they might have been called, for the glasses, mugs, bottles, and pots were incessantly dancing a hoy on the table, that our persecuted hero met with an old acquaintance, a Galway man, and another victim of military oppression. This personage was a cashiered hospital mate, of the name of Wriggle Wrench. Now the Doctor, as he called himself, had been broken by a court-martial in the most unjust and arbitrary manner. It appears that he had been attached to the general Hospital at Leira, during the prevalence of great mortality; good wine was scarce; good food equally of difficult attainment; therefore did our Doctor, conjointly with the deputy purveyor, with whom he *chummed*, indulge in the good port wine prescribed for the sick, and make *spitchcocks* of the poultry intended and drawn for *ditto*. This system could not last long without detection, and various *medicos*, who were kept on King's own, and not allowed to have a finger in the pie—peached. The result was a court-martial on our epicure. The deputy purveyor had balanced his accounts.

The defence of Dr. Wriggle Wrench was most curious; in the first place he endeavoured to prove that his health was bad, his duties most fatiguing, sickness considerable, and mortality dreadful; therefore, as a useful officer, he endeavoured, for the sake of his patients, to take care of himself; and as no good wines could be procured for money, he looked upon hospital wine as medicine. He brought the hospital sergeant to prove that all the *cocks* being considered more nutritious, were invariably served out to the patients, and that it was only with *hens* that the Doctor made his spitched cocks, and as a cock could not be made out of a hen, he sought to prove an *alibi* for the cocks. But military men are strangers to all these niceties of the laws, by which Johnson may commit murder, and be acquitted if he was indicted as Johnston; and any John escape the halter if he had been christianed Jack. The court, therefore, while admiring the defence of hospital mate Wriggle Wrench, dismissed him from his Majesty's service.

Our Galway worthies experienced a great sympathy for each other; both were the victims of oppression; both had experienced wrongs that called aloud for national vengeance; but, as both were somewhat hard pushed for cash, they determined to set out together for Ireland.

About the period when the event we are about to record took place, the captain and the doctor had resided for some years in their native town, but neither of them had been very successful in his career. It is true that the fame of Captain Burke had preceded him; that he had become the lion of the place; but his parents had died, his revenue was very scanty; and, as the tradesmen of the place would give no credit, he found it a matter of some difficulty to minister to his manifold animal necessities. A good marriage had been his constant aim; but the Irish ladies, although not very particular in throwing themselves at the head of Englishmen, or strangers, are not so well disposed to bestow their fair hand and fortune on their countrymen; therefore did our hero make love and court in vain. It is certainly true, that necessity made him string so many cords to his long bow, that he was justly considered a male *coquette*,—a character which the fair sex generally avoid. Besides, he was out of the army, had neither fortune, nor chance of promotion. It therefore happened that, although the Galway young ladies had not the slightest objection to involve him in a duel, to add to their many attractions, they would not have grieved had they seen the corpse of their champion brought home on a door. Yet was our Captain always making fierce love, whether drunk or sober; and piously expressing his hope that the "Lord would look down" upon any spalpeen who dared to cut him out.

Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not much more prosperous in his undertakings. Although his friend, the Captain, recommended him, with might and main, as a wonderful physician, who had cured thousands of incurables, his practice was very much circumscribed. The Doctor, thus disappointed in a professional point of view, turned his eyes also to some suitable marriage; and perhaps, had he not been a "potheary," he had better chance than his friend Captain Burke. He was a small, thin, spare man, it is true, but pleasing in his manners; had read a multitude of novels and amatory effusions, possessed a retentive memory, could scrape a few notes on the guitar, and sing with tolerable ear and taste some Portuguese *modinhas* and Spanish *seguidillas*; and certainly,

if he had not obtained any medical experience during his short service in the Peninsula, he had acquired great proficiency in the art of cookery. This science—for such in reality it was—had proved of good service to him, by getting him often asked out to dinner, when his advice was asked and heeded when his professional opinions would have been slighted. Then, he was a skilled angler, and presented his friends occasionally with trout and pike, it being clearly understood that he was to partake of the present, with "trimmings." If his management of solids was thus distinguished, his skill in brewing whiskey-punch was spread far and near. It so happened, that amongst the very few persons who called him in was a Dr. Foggy, a man of great learning, and who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, and having inherited a very handsome property, and looking upon marriage as the probable source of much comfort, had thrown up his fellowship, and espoused the comely daughter of a pastry-cook in Dame Street, whose shop was the general resort of collegians, young lawyers, and officers of the garrison of Dublin, who ate with much *gusto* the pies and puffs, the jellies and syllabubs of Mr. Puffins, and flirted *con amore* with his fair daughter, a fine showy girl of about eighteen, with fair hair, rosy cheeks, and with a cheerful and healthy appearance, giving positive contradiction to the medical opinion that pastry was unwholesome.

Now there was as great a difference between Dr. and Mrs. Foggy as between a plumcake and a sea-biscuit, a glass of cherry brandy and pump water. She was young, handsome, merry; he was a smoke-dried, spare lath of a man, with a hook nose and cocked-up chin, that nearly met each other, and his hatchet-face was so sharp that it was more likely to cut the wind than be cut by it.—His jaws were what are commonly called "lanthorn," and his small, round, grey eyes, were so weak from intense study that he constantly wore green convex spectacles. Yet, notwithstanding this great disparity, both as to years and attractions, between the husband and wife, her conduct was most exemplary. She had the whole management of affairs; was of a domestic turn, and preferred a good breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, to balls, rides, pic-nics, and parade walking.

Now Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not only the physician, but the intimate friend of the doctor. He would listen for hours most patiently (over his punch, of course,) to an account of his discoveries in science; and when Mrs. Foggy awoke from her sleep, he would plan with her various dishes and *ragouts* that would have puzzled or done honour to Kitcheners himself.

Although the discoveries of Dr. Foggy are well known in Dublin, and are inserted in the transactions of many learned societies, yet it may be necessary to give some notion of them to the unread reader. He first had discovered that tides were created by the benevolent and all-wise Creator, for the purpose of bringing vessels in and out of harbour. Then, having observed that individuals with prominent noses are in general more near-sighted, or short-sighted, than persons born without noses, or who may have lost that useful handle of their physiognomy by various and sundry accidents, he came to the conclusion that noses were created for the purpose of wearing spectacles. Then he distinguished himself among zoologists by discovering that it was only those animals who could raise their hands or paws to the mouth, such as men and monkeys, that were intended to drink wine; quadrupeds who can lap water on the surface of the earth being destined to use it as their common beverage. In this discovery, however, it appears that he was anticipated by Dr. Franklin. He then submitted to the Royal Irish Academy a paper to show that it required a force of fifty horse power to break an Irishman's head, whereas a six horse power was sufficient to break his shins, or, to use the vulgar expression, to "peel their bark off."

Dr. Wriggle Wrench continued to listen to our philosopher's dissertation on these subjects with great attention, till, somehow or other a marked alteration took place in Dr. Foggy's manner. He became more taciturn than usual, would often heave a deep sigh, and a tear might be seen trickling from under his green spectacles as he gazed on Mrs. Foggy while enjoying some savoury *ragout*. Dr. Wrench knew not to what he could attribute this sudden change; but fancied that it might be jealousy. At last he was relieved from all doubt by a confidential conversation with the worthy man.

"Wrench, my good friend," he said to him, with a deep sigh, as he wiped off the dew from his green spectacles,—"*Wrench, I feel that I am getting old and infirm; and I now verily believe that I committed a rash act—a very rash act, in entering the holy state of matrimony.*"

Wriggle Wrench was silent, for he knew not what to say.

After a short pause, and another sigh or two, his friend continued, "*I am not blind, my good fellow, to my deficiencies. My mind may be ornamented—highly ornamented; it may please the learned—the wise; but women, alas! are rarely the one or the other; and what chance has an intellectual being with them, when compared to a fine animal. Now, my Molly is young, and beautiful, and attractive; she is rather silly; but men admire her the more for that, as the silliness of women fools imagine sets off their own stupidity.*"

"I am sure, Doctor," Wrench now ventured to say, "that Mrs. Foggy was everything a man could wish in a wife."

"No doubt—no doubt, my young friend; but it is that very *everything* which makes me miserable. The fact is, a sad accident has befallen me," and here the poor man sobbed aloud. "When I say an accident has befallen me, I mean to say a sad accident has befallen my wife," he added.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Wrench, "what can have happened to Mrs. Foggy?"

"Happened, sir!—that villain—that dishonourable scoundrel—that privileged assassin, and qualified murderer, Captain Patrick Burke, has dared to write her an enormous epistle!"

"Captain Burke!" exclaimed Wrench,—"impossible! the man can scarcely write his own name."

"It is true that his letter is in hieroglyphics, in pot-hooks," murmured the Doctor.

Wriggle Wrench could not check an inward smile at the last expression, as pot-hooks were so applicable to the lady's propensities.

"Yes, it is a base scrawl; but the intention—the *animus*, is worse ten thousand times than the handwriting. Read it, if you can. Here it is; read it; peruse it."

Thus saying, the poor Doctor handed over the following effusion, written in a hand scarcely legible.

"Oh, ye darling! by the powers, since I clapt my two eyes on you I cannot sleep night or day! what business had you to bestow such a lump of loveliness on that bostoon of a fellow, old rusty, fusty Foggy, instead of a taking a chap like I. I'm the lad for the ladies; and shall be quite convanient to prove it anyhow. Only say the word, and I'll twirl his ould head round, and he shall see the *kaides* on his own hoofs. Tip us a bit of an answer, if it was only

the size of a bee's knee, (in large letters, if it's all the same to you,) and give life or death—Och, murder! and millia murder!—to your ever loving,

"PATRICK BURKE, of Albuera."

"Well! sir," replied Dr. Wrench with a smile.

"Well, sir!—it is not well, sir;—it is infamous!—I will be revenged, sir!"

"But, my dear sir, this is a drunken rhapsody, not worth your notice; and how did you find it?"

"Mrs. Fogy herself gave it to me."

"There, sir; you perceive that she treated it with contempt, with ridicule."

"No, sir; she was trying to hide it, to conceal it in her bosom, when I demanded it; and she is always at the window looking at the catiff, at the cannibal, the troglodite, as he goes by, whistling some rubbish or other." Here the poor old man wept bitterly, and added, "I know it, my friend,—I did a very foolish thing,—but I love Molly dear. I will leave her all I am worth; yes, although she might be base enough, ungrateful enough to marry her poor husband's murderer. He would soon ill use her, make her miserable, abandon her. She shall never want—never—never!"

"And, in mercy's name, what do you intend to do?"

"Fight him!—fight him!" answered the old Doctor, with a furious thump on the table.

"But do you know he is the best shot in Galway?"

"I know it!—I know it! So, if you are my friend, carry him the message. My will is made. Molly shall have every shilling I possess, between you and me, sir, £1500 a year, besides houses, plate, my books, but what is still more precious than all, my manuscripts, the particulars of my great discoveries. So, Doctor, see him; I am inflexible. To-morrow morning, sir, he or I must be a corpse."

It was in vain that Dr. Wrench sought to pacify the indignant old man, he seemed determined; and therefore, Wrench lost no time in seeking Burke, fully convinced that he would be able to settle the absurd business without bloodshed. He found him at his usual haunt, the billiard room.

Dr. Wrench informed him that he had matter of importance to communicate, and the pair sallied out together, when the following edifying conversation took place:—

"Well, Master Burke, your galawanting has brought you into a pretty mess!"

"What are you after, Mr. Doctor?"

"Could no one do for you but my friend's wife, Mrs. Fogy,—you must be making love to her!"

"There you labour under a trifling bit of mistake; it was she that was making fierce love to me, by the powers!"

"All that may be mighty well," replied the Doctor; "but, I'm sorry to say that I am the bearer of a message."

"Is it satisfaction he wants? By heaven! he shall have it in the twist of a cow's thumb! Satisfaction! thunder and turf! It's I that should ask for satisfaction; slap an action of damages at her for seduction. Is the bostoon tired of life? Tell him he'd better make his will first—the silly old frump!"

"That he has done already, Burke; and as he knows your skill as a dead shot, he has left all he possesses to his wife,—near two thousand a year."

"Two thousand!—arrah! be asy!—two thousand a year!"

"Every tenpenny of it."

Here the Captain paused; and after a few minutes silence, he added, "Do you know, Wrench, I think it would be a devilish unfair thing of me, after all, to shoot the poor gentleman. To fight an old man beyond the beyonds."

"As for the matter of that," replied the Doctor, "it's no great matter, for the poor man has not long to live. Heigho!" and here the arch knave heaved a deep sigh.

"Why, what ails him?"

"Hav'n't you eyes in your head! Don't you see he's in the last stage of a galloping consumption!"

"Tare and ages! you don't say so!"

"It's but too true. Tubercles in both lobes; vomica in the left; adhesions of the pleura; and hepatized lobe in the right."

"Which manes, I suppose, that he's undone, like a butter-firkin without a hoop."

"Exactly so, my dear fellow! name your time and place; and, after all, as I just now said, if the poor man fail you will only abridge his sufferings; besides, it will be a great relief to his poor wife, who has a sad job, sitting up and nursing him every night, like a babby."

Here Captain Burke stopped short in their walk, and, looking the Doctor full in the face, exclaimed, "And arn't you a nice fellow, to bring me a message from a poor gentleman in *rich* a state,—to make a murderer of me! Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself? But I see how it is, you selfish Mohawk! you'd rather the world should say that I killed him than you did it. Blessed hour! for a man for to come, for to go, for to say that I, a soldier, should raise my hand on a poor broken down old man! *Harria mon diawl!* I've a mind to call you out yourself, Mister Doctor. To saddle your jobs on my shoulders! No, sir. Go to the Doctor; tell him that I humbly ask his pardon. Wouldn't grieve him, or bother him, poor soul! for all the Wicklow mines, with Kilkenny coals and a Kinsale hooker to boot."

Dr. Wrench, who was chuckling with delight at the success of his stratagem, now shook his head, and added, "I fear all this will not do—he is determined—and nothing less than an ample written apology—"

"A written apology! Why, man alive, I'm ready to prick my thumb to write one with my own heart's blood, that's what I am, poor dear man!"

This point being settled, Wrench found no difficulty in getting our hero to copy out an apology, which he framed for him.

The friends now parted, Burke, no doubt, to reflect upon his chances of marrying a widow of £2000 a year, and who, he was satisfied, was desperately in love with him; and Wrench, to tranquillize the Doctor, and carry on a plan, which, to his credit be it said, he had only contemplated during his recent conversation with the Captain.

Dr. Fogy, as may well be imagined, was fully satisfied with the apology made to him, which he communicated to his wife, who said that she was quite certain that it must be a mistake; that the Captain was an *illegant* man, and she was sure never could have behaved in such a manner unless he had been the worse for liquor.

Wrench was now determined to pursue the project he had conceived, and

* Anglice chilblains on the heels.

commenced his attack on that very evening over a bowl of bishop, which he had concocted for his host, in lieu of whiskey punch.

"I think, my dear friend," said Wrench, "that bishop will prove a much healthier beverage for you than punch, for I have observed of late that after a glass or two your cheeks become flushed and your breathing rather laborious."

"Do you know, Wrench, I have remarked the same thing, and moreover, of late, my respiration has not been as easy as usual, but possibly it might have arisen from this unpleasant affair, which, thank God, is ended without the necessity of exposing my life and that of a fellow creature. I have also observed," added Dr. Fogy, "that of late, after eating pea-soup, and drinking bottled beer, I feel a sort of tumefaction, a sense of fulness and puffiness—"

"That disturbs your breathing!"

"Exactly; at any rate it makes me breathe short, so much so, indeed, that I sometimes fancy that I am getting pulmonary."

"Nonsense," replied Wrench, with a forced smile, the artificial nature of which must have been evident to the most unobservant. "Why should you fancy such a thing? Surely none of your family were consumptive."

"Pardon me, my good friend, I lost an uncle and a brother by a disease of the lungs."

Wrench was silent, but looked very grave.

"Have you faith in the stethoscope," continued Dr. Fogy, "tell me frankly do you think it affords any satisfactory results?"

"In my opinion, when used by an experienced practitioner, it is infallible in detecting bronchophony, pectoriloquy, and egophony. Even in the arteries we can ascertain the *bruit du soufflet*, or, bellows puffing; the *bruit du diable*, or, the devil to pay; and *le chant des oiseaux*, or, the cawing of crows."

"Marvelous, indeed!" replied the Doctor, endeavouring to draw a deep respiration with his mouth full of sponge cake; "and are you expert in the use of this instrument?"

"In our hospitals, in the Peninsula, at Lisbon, at Oporto, Coimbra, Abrantes, Santarem, and a thousand other places, I was considered as unerring in my diagnostic."

"Well, my good friend, I do really think, especially after peas-pudding, cabbage, and turnips, that I hear a devilish sort of a rumbling about me, which is, perhaps, this *bruit du diable* that you have been speaking of, and I shall not feel comfortable until you have examined me. To-morrow morning, perhaps, you will bring the stethoscope with you?"

"I never move without it," replied Dr. Wrench, "I should as soon think of going without my lunch."

"Then suppose you try it now. There—there,—do you hear a noise, a rumbling sound? Egad, I feel a stitch in my side,—ay,—there,—I can scarcely catch my breath!"

"Where do you feel the stitch?" asked Wrench, who in reality was so little acquainted with the use of the stethoscope that a penny trumpet would have answered just as well. "Here, Doctor, here," replied Fogy, putting his hand on his stomach.

"There, shut your mouth and hold your breath," said the Doctor, who, at first, put the wrong end of the instrument to his ear; "now cough,—harder—harder,—as hard as you can."

The poor old man began to cough so hard that he soon was breathless; and the Doctor having practised what he called auscultation, proceeded to percussion, and with four of his fingers began thumping and banging Doctor Fogy's thorax, which sounded like a kettle-drum, until he was fairly pummelled, and sat down exhausted by the experiment, scarcely able to speak.

When Dr. Fogy had partly recovered from this percussation, he exclaimed, "I cannot tell you, my dear fellow, how sore I feel; and now tell me with candour, and let not any idle fear, or false delicacy, prevent you from being explicit, what do you think of my case? Is there any hope?"

"As I am a Christian, and hope to be saved," replied the apothecary, there is not the slightest reason to entertain any serious apprehension."

"What have you discovered?"

"Why merely what we call a cavernous respiration."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the poor patient, "you call that no serious ground for apprehension, when my lungs are converted into a cavern!"

"We think nothing of it at all, at all, when compared to the crepitous respiration, or *râle*."

"What is that, in pity's name?"

"Why, it's when the lungs crackle like salt in the fire."

"Body o'me!—why, my friend, do you know, I often perceive a saltish taste in my mouth. What sign is that?"

"Oh! that is merely a forerunner of spitting blood."

"My brother used to spit blood by the gallons before he was shipped off for Madeira. And now, my dear Wrench, that you have set my mind at ease—or pretty nearly so—I place myself entirely in your hands; and if you think a change of climate likely to benefit me, at this period of the disease, I am ready and prepared to make any sacrifice."

"I assure you, at present I do not see anything particularly urgent."

"Particularly urgent—perhaps not; but why not take the malady in time?"

"Well, well, we shall talk more of it another time; you seem a little fatigued."

"Most confoundedly."

"Then retire to rest, and I'll send you a composing draught; and as you are a man of sense, and judgment, and science, I shall bring you a little work which treats on pulmonary disease and the use of auscultation and percussion most amply; but do not conjure up idle fears from its perusal."

"Never fear, never fear; bring me the book—of all things, I like medical books."

"But they are dangerous—at least, with persons of a weak mind, who indulge in a thousand fancies and chimeras."

"My mind is of cast iron, as regards myself, my good friend. But pray do not alarm me; poor thing! I should be sorry to make her unhappy. I should have wished to have left my fortune to an heir! but it has been otherwise decreed."

Here the old man wiped off a tear, and shaking his tormentor most cordially by the hand, wished him a good night, and retired to bed, swallowed his draught to the last drop, like a good patient; but still he could not sleep without the most fearful visions of consumption, in all its horrible phases; and, in fact, his chest, back, and sides, were so bruised by percussion, that he might have lain more comfortably in a furze bush.

It may be easily imagined that our patient was not much better the following morning, when he was put in early possession of the treatise Dr. Wrench had promised him. This he actually devoured until he came to the conclusion that he laboured under *Pleuritis, Empyema, Hydrothorax, Emphysema, Pneum.*

of Mr. Burke's, choice specimen of "garrison hacks" from Limerick, Cork, and his own beautiful place—sweet Galway—and in a short time he was comforter general and body guard to a host of them. He would eat and drink with them, walk with them, fight for them if necessary, and Desdemona never listened more attentively to the Moor's seductive recital of his escapes in field and flood, than did our faithful dames to the account of his prowess and his chining French grenadiers; a process which he would demonstrate at dinner or supper by splitting up a duck or a goose. This mode of living he found both pleasant and economical, for he contrived to pay for his maintenance by retailing scandal, and mixing in incessant quarrels and squabbles.

It may be easily imagined, that although Mr. Burke fulfilled these duties with due exactitude and diligence, his military ones were sadly neglected. Contrary to Belem orders, he often slept out of quarters, was not unfrequently drunk on guard, and was perpetually embroiled in quarrels, which were brought on by the ladies under his protection. In short, the handsome Irish grenadier, as he was called, figured constantly in the orderly book, admonished and reprimanded, until at last he was brought to a court-martial, and cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The crest-fallen hero of Albuera had not even time to take leave of his fair friends and *protégées*; he was removed to a frigate by the Provost Marshal, and safely conveyed to England, where, however, that part of his sentence which referred to imprisonment was remitted by the Commander-in-Chief, who, Mr. Burke stoutly asserted, had not dared to carry it into execution, lest there should be a rebellion in Ireland.

During his short stay in London our unfortunate warrior met, at a chop-house, an old acquaintance and townsman, who was reporter and purveyor to an opposition newspaper; he related to him all his mishaps, and the infamous treatment he had experienced, after his heroic conduct at Albuera. Not only did the papers teem with a flaming account of his valour and infamous usage, but his friend introduced him to an Irish artist, who drew him in the act of *chining* the grenadier, and in a few days, in every print shop, this glorious achievement was exhibited, with the inscription, "*The gallant Ensign Burke of — Regiment, CHINING A French grenadier at Albuera.*"

Captain Burke considered himself, and was considered, a victim of tyranny: nay, a Kerry man of his coterie, declared that he was a *hecetomb* sacrificed to the aristocracy of England, and they swore unutterable oaths on gin-toddy and half-and-half, that since their noble countryman, Patrick Burke, the hero, the conqueror of Albuera, before whose prowess the star of French glory grew dim, trembled, and disappeared—had been shamefully and infamously obliged to *reign*—Wellington would be driven into the yawning ocean, and his legions swallowed up in the green deep.

It was one of these *SOIRES DANSAENTES*, for such indeed they might have been called, for the glasses, mugs, bottles, and pots were incessantly dancing a boy on the table, that our persecuted hero met with an old acquaintance, a Galway man, and another victim of military oppression. This personage was a cashiered hospital mate, of the name of Wriggle Wrench. Now the Doctor, as he called himself, had been broken by a court-martial in the most unjust and arbitrary manner. It appears that he had been attached to the general Hospital at Leira, during the prevalence of great mortality; good wine was scarce; good food equally of difficult attainment; therefore did our Doctor, conjointly with the deputy purveyor, with whom he *chummed*, indulge in the good port wine prescribed for the sick, and make *spitchcocks* of the poultry intended and drawn for *dito*. This system could not last long without detection, and various *medicos*, who were kept on King's own, and not allowed to have a finger in the pie—peached. The result was a court-martial on our epicure. The deputy purveyor had balanced his accounts.

The defence of Dr. Wriggle Wrench was most curious; in the first place he endeavoured to prove that his health was bad, his duties most fatiguing, sickness considerable, and mortality dreadful; therefore, as a useful officer, he endeavoured, for the sake of his patients, to take care of himself; and as no good wines could be procured for money, he looked upon hospital wine as medicine. He brought the hospital sergeant to prove that all the *cocks* being considered more nutritious, were invariably served out to the patients, and that it was only with *hens* that the Doctor made his spitched cocks, and as a cock could not be made out of a hen, he sought to prove an *alibi* for the cocks. But military men are strangers to all these niceties of the laws, by which Johnson may commit murder, and be acquitted if he was indicted as Johnston; and any John escape the halter if he had been christianized Jack. The court, therefore, while admiring the defence of hospital mate Wriggle Wrench, dismissed him from his Majesty's service.

Our Galway worthies experienced a great sympathy for each other; both were the victims of oppression; both had experienced wrongs that called aloud for national vengeance; but, as both were somewhat hard pushed for cash, they determined to set out together for Ireland.

About the period when the event we are about to record took place, the captain and the doctor had resided for some years in their native town, but neither of them had been very successful in his career. It is true that the fame of Captain Burke had preceded him; that he had become the lion of the place; but his parents had died, his revenue was very scanty; and, as the tradesmen of the place would give no credit, he found it a matter of some difficulty to minister to his manifold animal necessities. A good marriage had been his constant aim; but the Irish ladies, although not very particular in throwing themselves at the head of Englishmen, or strangers, are not so well disposed to bestow their fair hand and fortune on their countrymen; therefore did our hero make love and court in vain. It is certainly true, that necessity made him string so many cords to his long bow, that he was justly considered a male *coquette*,—a character which the fair sex generally avoid. Besides, he was out of the army, had neither fortune, nor chance of promotion. It therefore happened that, although the Galway young ladies had not the slightest objection to involve him in a duel, to add to their many attractions, they would not have grieved had they seen the corpse of their champion brought home on a door. Yet was our Captain always making fierce love, whether drunk or sober; and piously expressing his hope that the "Lord would look down" upon any spalpeen who dared to cut him out.

Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not much more prosperous in his undertakings. Although his friend, the Captain, recommended him, with might and main, as a wonderful physician, who had cured thousands of incurables, his practice was very much circumscribed. The Doctor, thus disappointed in a professional point of view, turned his eyes also to some suitable marriage; and perhaps, had he not been a "potheary," he had better chance than his friend Captain Burke. He was a small, thin, spare man, it is true, but pleasing in his manners; had read a multitude of novels and anatomy effusions, possessed a retentive memory, could scrape a few notes on the guitar, and sing with tolerable ear and taste some Portuguese *modinhas* and Spanish *seguidillas*; and certainly,

if he had not obtained any medical experience during his short service in the Peninsula, he had acquired great proficiency in the art of cookery. This science—for such in reality it was—had proved of good service to him, by getting him often asked out to dinner, when his advice was asked and heeded when his professional opinions would have been slighted. Then, he was a skilled angler, and presented his friends occasionally with trout and pike, it being clearly understood that he was to partake of the present, with "trimmings." If his management of solids was thus distinguished, his skill in brewing whiskey-punch was spread far and near. It so happened, that amongst the very few persons who called him in was a Dr. Foggy, a man of great learning, and who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, and having inherited a very handsome property, and looking upon marriage as the probable source of much comfort, had thrown up his fellowship, and espoused the comely daughter of a pastry-cook in Dame Street, whose shop was the general resort of collegians, young lawyers, and officers of the garrison of Dublin, who ate with much *gusto* the pies and puffs, the jellies and syllabubs of Mr. Puffins, and flirted *con amore* with his fair daughter, a fine showy girl of about eighteen, with fair hair, rosy cheeks, and with a cheerful and healthy appearance, giving positive contradiction to the medical opinion that pastry was unwholesome.

Now there was as great a difference between Dr. and Mrs. Foggy as between a plumcake and a sea-biscuit, a glass of cherry brandy and pump water. She was young, handsome, merry; he was a smoke-dried, spare lath of a man, with a hook nose and cocked-up chin, that nearly met each other, and his hatchet-face was so sharp that it was more likely to cut the wind than be cut by it. His jaws were what are commonly called "lanthorn," and his small, round, grey eyes, were so weak from intense study that he constantly wore green convex spectacles. Yet, notwithstanding this great disparity, both as to years and attractions, between the husband and wife, her conduct was most exemplary. She had the whole management of affairs; was of a domestic turn, and preferred a good breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, to balls, rides, pic-nics, and parade walking.

Now Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not only the physician, but the intimate friend of the doctor. He would listen for hours most patiently (over his punch, of course,) to an account of his discoveries in science; and when Mrs. Foggy awoke from her sleep, he would plan with her various dishes and *ragouts* that would have puzzled or done honour to Kitchener himself.

Although the discoveries of Dr. Foggy are well known in Dublin, and are inserted in the transactions of many learned societies, yet it may be necessary to give some notion of them to the unread reader. He first had discovered that tides were created by the benevolent and all-wise Creator, for the purpose of bringing vessels in and out of harbour. Then, having observed that individuals with prominent noses are in general more near-sighted, or short-sighted, than persons born without noses, or who may have lost that useful handle of their physiognomy by various and sundry accidents, he came to the conclusion that noses were created for the purpose of wearing spectacles. Then he distinguished himself among zoologists by discovering that it was only those animals who could raise their hands or paws to the mouth, such as men and monkeys, that were intended to drink wine; quadrupeds who can lap water on the surface of the earth being destined to use it as their common beverage. In this discovery, however, it appears that he was anticipated by Dr. Franklin. He then submitted to the Royal Irish Academy a paper to show that it required a force of fifty horse power to break an Irishman's head, whereas a six horse power was sufficient to break his shins, or, to use the vulgar expression, to "peel their bark off."

Dr. Wriggle Wrench continued to listen to our philosopher's dissertation on these subjects with great attention, till, somehow or other a marked alteration took place in Dr. Foggy's manner. He became more taciturn than usual, would often heave a deep sigh, and a tear might be seen trickling from under his green spectacles as he gazed on Mrs. Foggy while enjoying some savoury *ragout*. Dr. Wrench knew not to what he could attribute this sudden change; but fancied that it might be jealousy. At last he was relieved from all doubt by a confidential conversation with the worthy man.

"Wrench, my good friend," he said to him, with a deep sigh, as he wiped off the dew from his green spectacles,—"Wrench, I feel that I am getting old and infirm; and I now verily believe that I committed a rash act—a very rash act, in entering the holy state of matrimony."

Wriggle Wrench was silent, for he knew not what to say.

After a short pause, and another sigh or two, his friend continued, "I am not blind, my good fellow, to my deficiencies. My mind may be ornamented—highly ornamented; it may please the learned—the wise; but women, alas! are rarely the one or the other; and what chance has an intellectual being with them, when compared to a fine animal. Now, my Molly is young, and beautiful, and attractive; she is rather silly; but men admire her the more for that, as the silliness of women fools imagine sets off their own stupidity."

"I am sure, Doctor," Wrench now ventured to say, "that Mrs. Foggy was everything a man could wish in a wife."

"No doubt—no doubt, my young friend; but it is that very *everything* which makes me miserable. The fact is, a sad accident has befallen me," and here the poor man sobbed aloud. "When I say an accident has befallen me, I mean to say a sad accident has befallen my wife," he added.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Wrench, "what can have happened to Mrs. Foggy?"

"Happened, sir!—that villain—that dishonourable scoundrel—that privileged assassin, and qualified murderer, Captain Patrick Burke, has dared to write her an enormous epistle!"

"Captain Burke!" exclaimed Wrench,—"impossible! the man can scarcely write his own name."

"It is true that his letter is in hieroglyphics, in pot-hooks," murmured the Doctor.

Wriggle Wrench could not check an inward smile at the last expression, as pot-hooks were so applicable to the lady's propensities.

"Yes, it is a base scrawl; but the intention—the *animus*, is worse ten thousand times than the handwriting. Read it, if you can. Here it is; read it; peruse it."

Thus saying, the poor Doctor handed over the following effusion, written in a hand scarcely legible.

"Oh, ye darling! by the powers, since I clapt my two eyes on you I cannot sleep night or day! what business had you to bestow such a lump of loveliness on that bostoon of a fellow, old rusty, fusty Foggy, instead of a taking a chap like I. I'm the lad for the ladies; and shall be quite convaniant to prove it anyhow. Only say the word, and I'll twirl his ould head round, and he shall see the *kaikea* on his own hoofs. Tip us a bit of an answer, if it was only

the size of a bee's knee, (in large letters, if it's all the same to you,) and give life or death—Och, murder! and millia murder!—to your ever loving,

"PATRICK BURKE, of Albuera."

"Well! sir," replied Dr. Wrench with a smile.

"Well, sir!—it is not well, sir!—it is infamous!—I will be revenged, sir!"

"But, my dear sir, this is a drunken rhapsody, not worth your notice; and how did you find it?"

"Mrs. Foggy herself gave it to me."

"There, sir; you perceive that she treated it with contempt, with ridicule."

"No, sir; she was trying to hide it, to conceal it in her bosom, when I demanded it; and she is always at the window looking at the catiff, at the cannibal, the troglodite, as he goes by, whistling some rubbish or other." Here the poor old man wept bitterly, and added, "I know it, my friend,—I did a very foolish thing,—but I love Molly dear. I will leave her all I am worth; yes, although she might be base enough, ungrateful enough to marry her poor husband's murderer. He would soon ill use her, make her miserable, abandon her. She shall never want—never—never!"

"And, in mercy's name, what do you intend to do?"

"Fight him!—fight him!" answered the old Doctor, with a furious thump on the table.

"But do you know he is the best shot in Galway?"

"I know it!—I know it! So, if you are my friend, carry him the message. My will is made. Molly shall have every shilling I possess, between you and me, sir, £1500 a year, besides houses, plate, my books, but what is still more precious than all, my manuscripts, the particulars of my great discoveries. So, Doctor, see him; I am inflexible. To-morrow morning, sir, he or I must be a corpse."

It was in vain that Dr. Wrench sought to pacify the indignant old man, he seemed determined; and therefore, Wrench lost no time in seeking Burke, fully convinced that he would be able to settle the absurd business without bloodshed. He found him at his usual haunt, the billiard room.

Dr. Wrench informed him that he had matter of importance to communicate, and the pair sallied out together, when the following edifying conversation took place:—

"Well, Master Burke, your galawanting has brought you into a pretty mess!"

"What are you after, Mr. Doctor?"

"Could no one do for you but my friend's wife, Mrs. Foggy,—you must be making love to her?"

"There you labour under a trifling bit of mistake; it was she that was making fierce love to me, by the powers!"

"All that may be mighty well," replied the Doctor; "but, I'm sorry to say that I am the bearer of a message."

"Is it satisfaction he wants? By heaven! he shall have it in the twist of a cow's thumb! Satisfaction! thunder and turf! It's I that should ask for satisfaction; slap an action of damages at her for seduction. Is the bostoon tired of life? Tell him he'd better make his will first—the silly old frump!"

"That he has done already, Burke; and as he knows your skill as a dead shot, he has left all he possesses to his wife,—near two thousand a year."

"Two thousand!—arrah! be asy!—two thousand a year!"

"Every tenpenny of it."

Here the Captain paused; and after a few minutes silence, he added, "Do you know, Wrench, I think it would be a devilish unfair thing of me, after all, to shoot the poor gentleman. To fight an old man beyond the beyonds."

"As for the matter of that," replied the Doctor, "it's no great matter, for the poor man has not long to live. Heigho!" and here the arch knave heaved a deep sigh.

"Why, what ails him?"

"Hav'n't you eyes in your head? Don't you see he's in the last stage of a galloping consumption?"

"Tare and ages! you don't say so!"

"It's but too true. Tubercles in both lobes; vomica in the left; adhesions of the pleura; and hepatised lobe in the right."

"Which manes, I suppose, that he's undone, like a butter-firkin without a hoop."

"Exactly so, my dear fellow! name your time and place; and, after all, as I just now said, if the poor man fail you will only abridge his sufferings; besides, it will be a great relief to his poor wife, who has a sad job, sitting up and nursing him every night, like a *babby*."

Here Captain Burke stopped short in their walk, and, looking the Doctor full in the face, exclaimed, "And arn't you a nice fellow, to bring me a message from a poor gentleman in such a state,—to make a murderer of me! Arn't you ashamed of yourself? But I see how it is, you selfish Mohawk! you'd rather the world should say that I killed him than you did it. Blessed hour! for a man for to come, for to go, for to say that I, a soldier, should raise my hand on a poor broken down old man! *Havria mon dioul!* I've a mind to call you out yourself, Mister Doctor. To saddle your jobs on my shoulders! No, sir. Go to the Doctor; tell him that I humbly ask his pardon. Wouldn't grieve him, or bother him, poor soul! for all the Wicklow mines, with Kilkenny coals and a Kinsale hooker to boot."

Dr. Wrench, who was chuckling with delight at the success of his stratagem, now shook his head, and added, "I fear all this will not do—he is determined—and nothing less than an ample written apology—"

"A written apology! Why, man alive, I'm ready to prick my thumb to write one with my own heart's blood, that's what I am, poor dear man!"

This point being settled, Wrench found no difficulty in getting our hero to copy out an apology, which he framed for him.

The friends now parted, Burke, no doubt, to reflect upon his chances of marrying a widow of £2000 a year, and who, he was satisfied, was desperately in love with him; and Wrench, to tranquillize the Doctor, and carry on a plan, which, to his credit be said, he had only contemplated during his recent conversation with the Captain.

Dr. Foggy, as may well be imagined, was fully satisfied with the apology made to him, which he communicated to his wife, who said that she was quite certain that it must be a mistake; that the Captain was an *illigant* man, and she was sure never could have behaved in such a manner unless he had been the worse for liquor.

Wrench was now determined to pursue the project he had conceived, and

* Anglice chilblains on the heels,

commenced his attack on that very evening over a bowl of bishop, which he had concocted for his host, in lieu of whiskey punch.

"I think, my dear friend," said Wrench, "that bishop will prove a much healthier beverage for you than punch, for I have observed of late that after a glass or two your cheeks become flushed and your breathing rather laborious."

"Do you know, Wrench, I have remarked the same thing, and moreover, of late, my respiration has not been as easy as usual, but possibly it might have arisen from this unpleasant affair, which, thank God, is ended without the necessity of exposing my life and that of a fellow creature. I have also observed," added Dr. Foggy, "that of late, after eating pea-soup, and drinking bottled beer, I feel a sort of tumefaction, a sense of fulness and puffiness—"

"That disturbs your breathing!"

"Exactly; at any rate it makes me breathe short, so much so, indeed, that I sometimes fancy that I am getting pulmonary."

"Nonsense," replied Wrench, with a forced smile, the artificial nature of which must have been evident to the most unobservant, "why should you fancy such a thing? Surely none of your family were consumptive."

"Pardon me, my good friend, I lost an uncle and a brother by a disease of the lungs."

Wrench was silent, but looked very grave.

"Have you faith in the stethoscope," continued Dr. Foggy, "tell me frankly do you think it affords any satisfactory results?"

"In my opinion, when used by an experienced practitioner, it is infallible in detecting bronchophony, pectoriloquy, and egophony. Even in the arteries we can ascertain the *bruit du soufflet*, or, bellows puffing; the *bruit du diable*, or, the devil to pay; and *le chant des oiseaux*, or, the cawing of crows."

"Marvellous, indeed!" replied the Doctor, endeavouring to draw a deep respiration with his mouth full of sponge cake; "and are you expert in the use of this instrument?"

"In our hospitals, in the Peninsula, at Lisbon, at Oporto, Coimbra, Abrantes, Santarem, and a thousand other places, I was considered as unerring in my diagnosis."

"Well, my good friend, I do really think, especially after peas-pudding, cabbage, and turnips, that I hear a devilish sort of a rumbling about me, which is, perhaps, this *bruit du diable* that you have been speaking of, and I shall not feel comfortable until you have examined me. To-morrow morning, perhaps, you will bring the stethoscope with you?"

"I never move without it," replied Dr. Wrench, "I should as soon think of going without my lunch."

"Then suppose you try it now. There—there,—do you hear a noise, a rumbling sound? Egad, I feel a stitch in my side,—ay,—there,—I can scarcely catch my breath."

"Where do you feel the stitch?" asked Wrench, who in reality was so little acquainted with the use of the stethoscope that a penny trumpet would have answered just as well. "Here, Doctor, here," replied Foggy, putting his hand on his stomach.

"There, shut your mouth and hold your breath," said the Doctor, who, at first, put the wrong end of the instrument to his ear; "now cough,—harder—harder,—as hard as you can."

The poor old man began to cough so hard that he soon was breathless; and the Doctor having practised what he called auscultation, proceeded to percussion, and with four of his fingers began thumping and banging Doctor Foggy's thorax, which sounded like a kettle-drum, until he was fairly pummelled, and sat down exhausted by the experiment, scarcely able to speak.

When Dr. Foggy had partly recovered from this percussion, he exclaimed, "I cannot tell you, my dear fellow, how sore I feel; and now tell me with candour, and let not any idle fear, or false delicacy, prevent you from being explicit, what do you think of my case? Is there any hope?"

"As I am a Christian, and hope to be saved," replied the apothecary, there is not the slightest reason to entertain any serious apprehension."

"What have you discovered?"

"Why merely what we call a cavernous respiration."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the poor patient, "you call all that no serious ground for apprehension, when my lungs are converted into a cavern!"

"We think nothing of it at all, at all, when compared to the crepitus respiration, or *râle*."

"What is that, in pity's name?"

"Why, it's when the lungs crackle like salt in the fire."

"Body o' me!—why, my friend, do you know, I often perceive a saltish taste in my mouth. What sign is that?"

"Oh! that is merely a forerunner of spitting blood."

"My brother used to spit blood by the gallons before he was shipped off for Madeira. And now, my dear Wrench, that you have set my mind at ease—or pretty nearly so—I place myself entirely in your hands; and if you think a change of climate likely to benefit me, at this period of the disease, I am ready and prepared to make any sacrifice."

"I assure you, at present I do not see anything particularly urgent."

"Particularly urgent—perhaps not; but why not take the malady in time?"

"Well, well, we shall talk more of it another time; you seem a little fatigued."

"Most confoundedly."

"Then retire to rest, and I'll send you a composing draught; and as you are a man of sense, and judgment, and science, I shall bring you a little work which treats on pulmonary disease and the use of auscultation and percussion most amply; but do not conjure up idle fears from its perusal."

"Never fear, never fear; bring me the book,—of all things, I like medical books."

"But they are dangerous—at least, with persons of a weak mind, who indulge in a thousand fancies and chimeras."

"My mind is of cast iron, as regards myself, my good friend. But pray do not alarm Molly: poor thing! I should be sorry to make her unhappy. I should have wished to have left my fortune to an heir; but it has been otherwise decreed."

Here the old man wiped off a tear, and shaking his tormentor most cordially by the hand, wished him a good night, and retired to bed, swallowed his draught to the last drop, like a good patient; but still he could not sleep with most fearful visions of consumption, in all its horrible phases; and, in chest, back, and sides, were so bruised by percussion, that he might more comfortably in a furze bush.

It may be easily imagined that our patient was not much bettering morning, when he was put in early possession of the treatise he had promised him. This he actually devoured until he came to that he laboured under *Pleuritis, Empyema, Hydrothorax, &c.*

of Mr. Burke's, choice specimen of "garrison backs" from Limerick, Cork, and his own beautiful place—sweet Galway—and in a short time he was comforter general and body guard to a host of them. He would eat and drink with them, walk with them, fight for them if necessary, and Desdemona never listened more attentively to the Moor's seductive recital of his escapes in field and flood, than did our faithful dames to the account of his prowess and his chining French grenadiers; a process which he would demonstrate at dinner or supper by splitting up a duck or a goose. This mode of living he found both pleasant and economical, for he contrived to pay for his maintenance by retailing scandal, and mixing in incessant quarrels and squabbles.

It may be easily imagined, that although Mr. Burke fulfilled these duties with due exactitude and diligence, his military ones were sadly neglected. Contrary to Belem orders, he often slept out of quarters, was not unfrequently drunk on guard, and was perpetually embroiled in quarrels, which were brought on by the ladies under his protection. In short, the handsome Irish grenadier, as he was called, figured constantly in the orderly book, admonished and reprimanded, until at last he was brought to a court-martial, and cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The crest-fallen hero of Albuera had not even time to take leave of his fair friends and *protégées*; he was removed to a frigate by the Provost Marshal, and safely conveyed to England, where, however, that part of his sentence which referred to imprisonment was remitted by the Commander-in-Chief, who, Mr. Burke stoutly asserted, had not dared to carry it into execution, lest there should be a rebellion in Ireland.

During his short stay in London our unfortunate warrior met, at a chop-house, an old acquaintance and townsman, who was reporter and purveyor to an opposition newspaper; he related to him all his mishaps, and the infamous treatment he had experienced, after his heroic conduct at Albuera. Not only did the papers teem with a flaming account of his valour and infamous usage, but his friend introduced him to an Irish artist, who drew him in the act of *chining* the grenadier, and in a few days, in every print shop, this glorious achievement was exhibited, with the inscription, "*The gallant Ensign Burke of — Regiment, CHINING a French grenadier at Albuera.*"

Captain Burke considered himself, and was considered, a victim of tyranny; nay, a Kerry man of his coterie, declared that he was a *hecatomb* sacrificed to the aristocracy of England, and they swore unutterable oaths on gin-toddy and half-and-half, that since their noble countryman, Patrick Burke, the hero, the conqueror of Albuera, before whose prowess the star of French glory grew dim, trembled, and disappeared—had been shamefully and infamously obliged to *re-sign*—Wellington would be driven into the yawning ocean, and his legions swallowed up in the green deep.

It was one of these *SOIREES D'AMANTES*, for such indeed they might have been called, for the glasses, mugs, bottles, and pots were incessantly dancing a hoo on the table, that our persecuted hero met with an old acquaintance, a Galway man, and another victim of military oppression. This personage was a cashiered hospital mate, of the name of Wriggle Wrench. Now the Doctor, as he called himself, had been broken by a court-martial in the most unjust and arbitrary manner. It appears that he had been attached to the general Hospital at Leira, during the prevalence of great mortality; good wine was scarce; good food equally of difficult attainment; therefore did our Doctor, conjointly with the deputy purveyor, with whom he *chummed*, indulge in the good port wine prescribed for the sick, and make *spitchecks* of the poultry intended and drawn for *dutty*. This system could not last long without detection, and various *medicos*, who were kept on King's own, and not allowed to have a finger in the pie—peached. The result was a court-martial on our epicure. The deputy purveyor had balanced his accounts.

The defence of Dr. Wriggle Wrench was most curious; in the first place he endeavoured to prove that his health was bad, his duties most fatiguing, sickness considerable, and mortality dreadful; therefore, as a useful officer, he endeavoured, for the sake of his patients, to take care of himself; and as no good wines could be procured for money, he looked upon hospital wine as medicine. He brought the hospital sergeant to prove that all the *cocks* being considered more nutritious, were invariably served out to the patients, and that it was only with *hens* that the Doctor made his spitchecks, and as a cock could not be made out of a hen, he sought to prove an *alibi* for the cocks. But military men are strangers to all these niceties of the laws, by which Johnson may commit murder, and be acquitted if he was indicted as Johnston; and any John escape the halter if he had been christened Jack. The court, therefore, while admiring the defence of hospital mate Wriggle Wrench, dismissed him from his Majesty's service.

Our Galway worthies experienced a great sympathy for each other; both were the victims of oppression; both had experienced wrongs that called aloud for national vengeance; but, as both were somewhat hard pushed for cash, they determined to set out together for Ireland.

About the period when the event we are about to record took place, the captain and the doctor had resided for some years in their native town, but neither of them had been very successful in his career. It is true that the fame of Captain Burke had preceded him; that he had become the lion of the place; but his parents had died, his revenue was very scanty; and, as the tradesmen of the place would give no credit, he found it a matter of some difficulty to minister to his manifold animal necessities. A good marriage had been his constant aim; but the Irish ladies, although not very particular in throwing themselves at the head of Englishmen, or strangers, are not so well disposed to bestow their fair hand and fortune on their countrymen; therefore did our hero make love and court in vain. It is certainly true, that necessity made him string so many cords to his long bow, that he was justly considered a male *coquette*,—a character which the fair sex generally avoid. Besides, he was out of the army, had neither fortune, nor chance of promotion. It therefore happened that, although the Galway young ladies had not the slightest objection to involve him in a duel, to add to their many attractions, they would not have grieved had they seen the corpse of their champion brought home on a door. Yet was our Captain always making fierce love, whether drunk or sober; and piously expressing his hope that the "Lord would look down" upon any spalpeen who dared to cut him out.

Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not much more prosperous in his undertakings. Although his friend, the Captain, recommended him, with might and main, as a wonderful physician, who had cured thousands of incurables, his practice was very much circumscribed. The Doctor, thus disappointed in a professional point of view, turned his eyes also to some suitable marriage; and perhaps, had he not been a "potheary," he had better chance than his friend Captain Burke. He was a small, thin, spare man, it is true, but pleasing in his manners; had read a multitude of novels and amatory effusions, possessed a retentive memory, could scrape a few notes on the guitar, and sing with tolerable ear and taste some Portuguese *modinhas* and Spanish *seguidillas*; and certainly,

if he had not obtained any medical experience during his short service in the Peninsula, he had acquired great proficiency in the art of cookery. This science—for such in reality it was—had proved of good service to him, by getting him often asked out to dinner, when his advice was asked and heeded when his professional opinions would have been slighted. Then, he was a skilled angler, and presented his friends occasionally with trout and pike, it being clearly understood that he was to partake of the present, with "trimmings." If his management of solids was thus distinguished, his skill in brewing whiskey-punch was spread far and near. It so happened, that amongst the very few persons who called him in was a Dr. Foggy, a man of great learning, and who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, and having inherited a very handsome property, and looking upon marriage as the probable source of much comfort, had thrown up his fellowship, and espoused the comely daughter of a pastry-cook in Dame Street, whose shop was the general resort of collegians, young lawyers, and officers of the garrison of Dublin, who ate with much *gusto* the pies and puffs, the jellies and syllabubs of Mr. Puffins, and flirted *con amore* with his fair daughter, a fine showy girl of about eighteen, with fair hair, rosy cheeks, and with a cheerful and healthy appearance, giving positive contradiction to the medical opinion that pastry was unwholesome.

Now there was as great a difference between Dr. and Mrs. Foggy as between a plumcake and a sea-biscuit, a glass of cherry brandy and pump water. She was young, handsome, merry; he was a smoke-dried, spare lath of a man, with a hook nose and cocked-up chin, that nearly met each other, and his hatchet-face was so sharp that it was more likely to cut the wind than be cut by it.—His jaws were what are commonly called "lanthorn," and his small, round, grey eyes, were so weak from intense study that he constantly wore green convex spectacles. Yet, notwithstanding this great disparity, both as to years and attractions, between the husband and wife, her conduct was most exemplary. She had the whole management of affairs; was of a domestic turn, and preferred a good breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, to balls, rides, pic-nics, and parade walking.

Now Dr. Wriggle Wrench was not only the physician, but the intimate friend of the doctor. He would listen for hours most patiently (over his punch, of course,) to an account of his discoveries in science; and when Mrs. Foggy awoke from her sleep, he would plan with her various dishes and *ragouts* that would have puzzled or done honour to Kitchener himself.

Although the discoveries of Dr. Foggy are well known in Dublin, and are inserted in the transactions of many learned societies, yet it may be necessary to give some notion of them to the unread reader. He first had discovered that tides were created by the benevolent and all-wise Creator, for the purpose of bringing vessels in and out of harbour. Then, having observed that individuals with prominent noses are in general more near-sighted, or short-sighted, than persons born without noses, or who may have lost that useful handle of their physiognomy by various and sundry accidents, he came to the conclusion that noses were created for the purpose of wearing spectacles. Then he distinguished himself among zoologists by discovering that it was only those animals who could raise their hands or paws to the mouth, such as men and monkeys, that were intended to drink wine; quadrupeds who can lap water on the surface of the earth being destined to use it as their common beverage. In this discovery, however, it appears that he was anticipated by Dr. Franklin. He then submitted to the Royal Irish Academy a paper to show that it required a force of fifty horse power to break an Irishman's head, whereas a six horse power was sufficient to break his shins, or, to use the vulgar expression, to "peel their bark off."

Dr. Wriggle Wrench continued to listen to our philosopher's dissertation on these subjects with great attention, till, somehow or other a marked alteration took place in Dr. Foggy's manner. He became more taciturn than usual, would often heave a deep sigh, and a tear might be seen trickling from under his green spectacles as he gazed on Mrs. Foggy while enjoying some savoury *ragout*. Dr. Wrench knew not to what he could attribute this sudden change; but fancied that it might be jealousy. At last he was relieved from all doubt by a confidential conversation with the worthy man.

"Wrench, my good friend," he said to him, with a deep sigh, as he wiped off the dew from his green spectacles,—"*Wrench*, I feel that I am getting old and infirm; and I now verily believe that I committed a rash act—a very rash act, in entering the holy state of matrimony."

Wriggle Wrench was silent, for he knew not what to say.

After a short pause, and another sigh or two, his friend continued, "I am not blind, my good fellow, to my deficiencies. My mind may be ornamented—highly ornamented; it may please the learned—the wise; but women, alas! are rarely the one or the other; and what chance has an intellectual being with them, when compared to a fine animal. Now, my Molly is young, and beautiful, and attractive; she is rather silly; but men admire her the more for that, as the silliness of women fools imagine sets off their own stupidity."

"I am sure, Doctor," Wrench now ventured to say, "that Mrs. Foggy was everything a man could wish in a wife."

"No doubt—no doubt, my young friend; but it is that very *everything* which makes me miserable. The fact is, a sad accident has befallen me," and here the poor man sobbed aloud. "When I say an accident has befallen me, I mean to say a sad accident has befallen my wife," he added.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Dr. Wrench, "what can have happened to Mrs. Foggy?"

"Happened, sir!—that villain—that dishonourable scoundrel—that privileged assassin, and qualified murderer, Captain Patrick Burke, has dared to write her an enormous epistle!"

"Captain Burke!" exclaimed Wrench,—"impossible! the man can scarcely write his own name."

"It is true that his letter is in hieroglyphics, in pot-hooks," murmured the Doctor.

Wriggle Wrench could not check an inward smile at the last expression, as pot-hooks were so applicable to the lady's propensities.

"Yes, it is a base scrawl; but the intention—the *animus*, is worse ten thousand times than the handwriting. Read it, if you can. Here it is; read it; peruse it."

Thus saying, the poor Doctor handed over the following effusion, written in a hand scarcely legible.

"Oh, ye darling! by the powers, since I clapt my two eyes on you I cannot sleep night or day! what business had you to bestow such a lump of loveliness on that bostoon of a fellow, old rusty, fusty Foggy, instead of a taking a chap like I. I'm the lad for the ladies; and shall be quite convaniant to prove it anyhow. Only say the word, and I'll twirl his ould head round, and he shall see the *kaibes* on his own hoofs. Tip us a bit of an answer, if it was only

the size of a bee's knee, (in large letters, if it's all the same to you,) and give life or death—Och, murder! and millia murder!—to your ever loving,

"PATRICK BURKE, of Albuera."

"Well! sir," replied Dr. Wrench with a smile.

"Well, sir!—it is not well, sir;—it is infamous!—I will be revenged, sir!"

"But, my dear sir, this is a drunken rhapsody, not worth your notice; and how did you find it?"

"Mrs. Fogy herself gave it to me."

"There, sir; you perceive that she treated it with contempt, with ridicule."

"No, sir; she was trying to hide it, to conceal it in her bosom, when I demanded it; and she is always at the window looking at the catiff, at the cannibal, the troglodite, as he goes by, whistling some rubbish or other." Here the poor old man wept bitterly, and added, "I know it, my friend,—I did a very foolish thing,—but I love Molly dear. I will leave her all I am worth; yes, although she might be base enough, ungrateful enough to marry her poor husband's murderer. He would soon ill use her, make her miserable, abandon her. She shall never want—never—never!"

"And, in mercy's name, what do you intend to do?"

"Fight him!—fight him!" answered the old Doctor, with a furious thump on the table.

"But do you know he is the best shot in Galway?"

"I know it!—I know it! So, if you are my friend, carry him the message. My will is made. Molly shall have every shilling I possess, between you and me, sir, £1500 a year, besides houses, plate, my books, but what is still more precious than all, my manuscripts, the particulars of my great discoveries. So, Doctor, see him; I am inflexible. To-morrow morning, sir, he or I must be a corpse."

It was in vain that Dr. Wrench sought to pacify the indignant old man, he seemed determined; and therefore, Wrench lost no time in seeking Burke, fully convinced that he would be able to settle the absurd business without bloodshed. He found him at his usual haunt, the billiard room.

Dr. Wrench informed him that he had matter of importance to communicate, and the pair sallied out together, when the following edifying conversation took place:—

"Well, Master Burke, your galawanting has brought you into a pretty mess!"

"What are you after, Mr. Doctor?"

"Could no one do for you but my friend's wife, Mrs. Fogy,—you must be making love to her?"

"There you labour under a trifling bit of mistake; it was she that was making fierce love to me, by the powers!"

"All that may be mighty well," replied the Doctor; "but, I'm sorry to say that I am the bearer of a message."

"Is it satisfaction he wants? By heaven! he shall have it in the twist of a cow's thumb! Satisfaction! thunder and turf! It's I that should ask for satisfaction; slap an action of damages at her for seduction. Is the bosom tired of life? Tell him he'd better make his will first—the silly old frump!"

"That he has done already, Burke; and as he knows your skill as a dead shot, he has left all he possesses to his wife,—near two thousand a year."

"Two thousand!—arrah! be asy!—two thousand a year!"

"Every tenpenny of it."

Here the Captain paused; and after a few minutes silence, he added, "Do you know, Wrench, I think it would be a devilish unfair thing of me, after all, to shoot the poor gentleman. To fight an old man beyond the beyonds."

"As for the matter of that," replied the Doctor, "it's no great matter, for the poor man has not long to live. Heigho!" and here the arch knave heaved a deep sigh.

"Why, what ails him?"

"Hav'n't you eyes in your head? Don't you see he's in the last stage of a galloping consumption?"

"Tare and ages! you don't say so!"

"It's but too true. Tubercles in both lobes; vomica in the left; adhesions of the pleura; and hepatized lobe in the right."

"Which manes, I suppose, that he's undone, like a butter-firkin without a hoop."

"Exactly so, my dear fellow! name your time and place; and, after all, as I just now said, if the poor man fail you will only abridge his sufferings; besides, it will be a great relief to his poor wife, who has a sad job, sitting up and nursing him every night, like a baby."

Here Captain Burke stopped short in their walk, and, looking the Doctor full in the face, exclaimed, "And arn't you a nice fellow, to bring me a message from a poor gentleman in such a state,—to make a murderer of me! Arn't you ashamed of yourself? But I see how it is, you selfish Mohawk! you'd rather the world should say that I killed him than you did it. Blessed hour! for a man for to come, for to go, for to say that I, a soldier, should raise my hand on a poor broken down old man! *Havra mon diaul!* I've a mind to call you out yourself, Mister Doctor. To saddle your jobs on my shoulders! No, sir. Go to the Doctor; tell him that I humbly ask his pardon. Wouldn't grieve him, or bother him, poor soul! for all the Wicklow mines, with Kilkenny coals and a Kinsale hooker to boot."

Dr. Wrench, who was chuckling with delight at the success of his stratagem, now shook his head, and added, "I fear all this will not do—he is determined—and nothing less than an ample written apology—"

"A written apology! Why, man alive, I'm ready to prick my thumb to write one with my own heart's blood, that's what I am, poor dear man!"

This point being settled, Wrench found no difficulty in getting our hero to copy out an apology, which he framed for him.

The friends now parted, Burke, no doubt, to reflect upon his chances of marrying a widow of £2000 a year, and who, he was satisfied, was desperately in love with him; and Wrench, to tranquillize the Doctor, and carry on a plan, which, to his credit be it said, he had only contemplated during his recent conversation with the Captain.

Dr. Fogy, as may well be imagined, was fully satisfied with the apology made to him, which he communicated to his wife, who said that she was quite certain that it must be a mistake; that the Captain was an *illegant* man, and she was sure never could have behaved in such a manner unless he had been the worse for liquor.

Wrench was now determined to pursue the project he had conceived, and

* Anglice chilblains on the heels.

commenced his attack on that very evening over a bowl of bishop, which he had concocted for his host, in lieu of whiskey punch.

"I think, my dear friend," said Wrench, "that bishop will prove a much healthier beverage for you than punch, for I have observed of late that after a glass or two your cheeks become flushed and your breathing rather laborious."

"Do you know, Wrench, I have remarked the same thing, and moreover, of late, my respiration has not been as easy as usual, but possibly it might have arisen from this unpleasant affair, which, thank God, is ended without the necessity of exposing my life and that of a fellow creature. I have also observed," added Dr. Fogy, "that of late, after eating pea-soup, and drinking bottled beer, I feel a sort of tumefaction, a sense of fulness and puffiness—"

"That disturbs your breathing?"

"Exactly; at any rate it makes me breathe short, so much so, indeed, that I sometimes fancy that I am getting pulmonary."

"Nonsense," replied Wrench, with a forced smile, the artificial nature of which must have been evident to the most unobservant, "why should you fancy such a thing? Surely none of your family were consumptive."

"Pardon me, my good friend, I lost an uncle and a brother by a disease of the lungs."

Wrench was silent, but looked very grave.

"Have you faith in the stethoscope," continued Dr. Fogy, "tell me frankly do you think it affords any satisfactory results?"

"In my opinion, when used by an experienced practitioner, it is infallible in detecting bronchophony, pectoriloquy, and egophony. Even in the arteries we can ascertain the *bruit du soufflet*, or, bellows puffing; the *bruit du diable*, or, the devil to pay; and *le chant des oiseaux*, or, the cawing of crows."

"Marvellous, indeed!" replied the Doctor, endeavouring to draw a deep respiration with his mouth full of sponge cake; "and are you expert in the use of this instrument?"

"In our hospitals, in the Peninsula, at Lisbon, at Oporto, Coimbra, Abrantes, Santarem, and a thousand other places, I was considered as unerring in my diagnosis."

"Well, my good friend, I do really think, especially after peas-pudding, cabbage, and turnips, that I hear a devilish sort of a rumbling about me, which is, perhaps, this *bruit du diable* that you have been speaking of, and I shall not feel comfortable until you have examined me. To-morrow morning, perhaps, you will bring the stethoscope with you?"

"I never move without it," replied Dr. Wrench, "I should as soon think of going without my lunch."

"Then suppose you try it now. There—there,—do you hear a noise, a rumbling sound? Egad, I feel a stitch in my side,—ay,—there,—I can scarcely catch my breath."

"Where do you feel the stitch?" asked Wrench, who in reality was so little acquainted with the use of the stethoscope that a penny trumpet would have answered just as well. "Here, Doctor, here," replied Fogy, putting his hand on his stomach.

"There, shut your mouth and hold your breath," said the Doctor, who, at first, put the wrong end of the instrument to his ear; "now cough,—harder—harder,—as hard as you can."

The poor old man began to cough so hard that he soon was breathless; and the Doctor having practised what he called auscultation, proceeded to percussion, and with four of his fingers began thumping and banging Doctor Fogy's thorax, which sounded like a kettle-drum, until he was fairly pummelled, and sat down exhausted by the experiment, scarcely able to speak.

When Dr. Fogy had partly recovered from this percussion, he exclaimed, "I cannot tell you, my dear fellow, how sore I feel; and now tell me with candour, and let not any idle fear, or false delicacy, prevent you from being explicit, what do you think of my case? Is there any hope?"

"As I am a Christian, and hope to be saved," replied the apothecary, there is not the slightest reason to entertain any serious apprehension."

"What have you discovered?"

"Why merely what we call a cavernous respiration."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the poor patient, "you call all that no serious ground for apprehension, when my lungs are converted into a cavern!"

"We think nothing of it at all, at all, when compared to the crepitous respiration, or rale."

"What is that, in pity's name?"

"Why, its when the lungs crackle like salt in the fire."

"Body o'me!—why, my friend, do you know, I often perceive a saltish taste in my mouth. What sign is that?"

"Oh! that is merely a forerunner of spitting blood."

"My brother used to spit blood by the gallons before he was shipped off for Madeira. And now, my dear Wrench, that you have set my mind at ease—or pretty nearly so—I place myself entirely in your hands; and if you think a change of climate likely to benefit me, at this period of the disease, I am ready and prepared to make any sacrifice."

"I assure you, at present I do not see anything particularly urgent."

"Particularly urgent—perhaps not; but why not take the malady in time."

"Well, well, we shall talk more of it another time; you seem a little fatigued."

"Most confoundedly."

"Then retire to rest, and I'll send you a composing draught; and as you are a man of sense, and judgment, and science, I shall bring you a little work which treats on pulmonary disease and the use of auscultation and percussion most amply; but do not conjure up idle fears from its perusal."

"Never fear, never fear; bring me the book,—of all things, I like medical books."

"But they are dangerous—at least, with persons of a weak mind, who indulge in a thousand fancies and chimeras."

"My mind is of cast iron, as regards myself, my good friend. But pray do not alarm Molly: poor thing! I should be sorry to make her unhappy. I should have wished to have left my fortune to an heir! but it has been otherwise decreed."

Here the old man wiped off a tear, and shaking his tormentor most cordially by the hand, wished him a good night, and retired to bed, swallowed his draught to the last drop, like a good patient; but still he could not sleep without the most fearful visions of consumption, in all its horrible phases; and, in fact, his chest, back, and sides, were so bruised by percussion, that he might have lain more comfortably in a forze bush.

It may be easily imagined that our patient was not much better the following morning, when he was put in early possession of the treatise Dr. Wrench had promised him. This he actually devoured until he came to the conclusion that he laboured under *Pleuritis, Empyema, Hydrothorax, Emphysema, Pneu-*

mothorax, Vomica, and Phthisis. He had until then eaten his four meals in the day with good appetite, assisting their digestion with good wine, and a reasonable proportion of punch. He was now put upon milk diet, and bade fair to lodge shortly in his skeleton, until he was lodged in mother earth.

Dr. Wriggle Wrench, however, soon perceived that he had overshot his mark; for, as the dangerous condition of his patient went abroad, Captain Burke redoubled his attentions to the Doctor's wife.

Wrench now only thought of his patient's removal, and meeting Burke, he started the subject, by stating that, although a change of climate afforded the only chance left, yet there was but little hope.

"Then, why not let him stop and die here, like a man?" replied Burke.

"While there is life—even a spark of the vital flame, we must do our duty."

Burke scratched his bushy head, and twirled his moustaches in deep thought; at last he observed,

"But, tell me old fellow, how long do you think will he hang on the hooks?"

"Why, with proper treatment, I think he may jog on till next March."

"Eight months—Gad! is he as tough as that?"

"It's amazing how these wiry people hold together," replied Wrench.

"And do you see, when a man has one foot in the grave, he finds it so cold and uncomfortable, that he is a plaguy long while before he thrusts in the other."

"Whisper now, Wriggle, my boy, you have always found me a warm friend of yours, devil a lie in it. I have recommended you through thick and thin; but your hand has been rather unlucky of late,—can't be helped,—no offence,—you see the best whist players beaten with bad cards and worse luck. Now, if you would do me a bit of a service, and at the same time serve yourself too, perhaps, you would not lose sight of this poor old gentleman, and travel with him. Do, like a good fellow, stick to him like brick and mortar."

"I certainly should have no objections to the journey, on the score of friendship; but then my practice."

"Blood and ouns! man alive, that's neither here nor there; and I'll tell you what, when you have buried the old fellow decently, and I marry the widow, I'll make up your loss."

"Why, my dear Burke, you speak of the lady as if you were sure and certain of her."

"Cock sure, my lad,—booked her;—didn't I clap my 'comether' upon her at the very first wink. I'm the lad of mettle—cast iron soldered with brass.—by the powers, thick as paste in a pod. I met her coming from church—I was coming from chapel,—she smiled at me—oh! like the sun on a May-day morning. 'Good morning to you, Mrs. Fogy,' says I; 'The same to you, Captain Burke,' says she. 'I hope the doctor is better than worse,' says I. 'Oh! you wicked man,' says she, 'when I think that you wanted to fight the dear man! I've a mind not to open my lips to you.'—'Is it me fight your worthy husband?' says I: 'bad luck to me, but I'd rather go to my grave without another fight at all in the world, than say white was the black of his eye.'—'Now, that's noble and generous,' says she. 'What a pity you're a crows' thumper,' says she again, maning my being a holy Roman. 'Och! what a hint, my boy—what a confession!'"

"I do not exactly see that," replied the Doctor, not a little annoyed by this information.

"You don't see it? why, you couldn't see a burnt hole in a blanket! Why, she meant to insinuate, 'if you're a holy Roman, while I am a Protestant, of what religion shall be our children,—now do you take?' And so saying, he gave a poke in the side of the Doctor, that was as effective as his own method of percussion, in stopping both breath and urterance.

A conversation of a similar description and tendency was kept up between the two worthies for a short time longer, when they separated, no doubt to carry their plans into execution, in the most feasible and prudent manner. Dr. Wrench found his patient in the same miserable condition, and after some short discussion, in which the Apothecary "aired his technical vocabulary" to the best advantage, Nice was fixed upon as his winter residence. Wrench consented to accompany the party, a very handsome compensation for his professional sacrifices having been agreed on.

Our cunning Apothecary was not idle in reconciling Mrs. Fogy to the journey, which he clearly perceived, much to his annoyance, was contrary to her wishes. He described the climate of Nice as heavenly, with orange and myrtle groves and boxers; but the markets and good things he extolled to the skies. Peaches and apricots and nectarines as profuse as potatoes,—pine-apples and melons as large as pumpkins,—champagne and claret cheaper than small beer,—ortolans and beccafogues as large as partridges; with French cooks, Italian confectioners, and ices, sherbets, and sweetmeats all the day!

A vessel was sailing for Marseilles from the Cove of Cork, and our travellers proceeded on their journey, Dr. Fogy, convinced that the climate would prolong his days to perfect his discoveries; Mrs. Fogy in the expectation of every enjoyment that a good kitchen can afford; and Dr. Wriggle Wrench,—we must leave the parties on their voyage, and venture on a little digression regarding this worthy.

The weather was propitious to his operations; it blew rather fresh, and Dr. Fogy was confined to his berth, while his fair lady was constantly kept in here by sea-sickness. Nothing could exceed the attention that our doctor showed her. In short, Wrench became so necessary to the fair sufferer, that she felt miserable without the dear little Doctor. It must, however, be acknowledged, that he was equally attentive to her husband, in administering pills or powders, and in endeavouring to amuse him by medical conversation on consumption, post-mortem observations, and curious specimens of diseased lungs, which he had bottled up.

The voyage to Nice was long and tedious. On their arrival, the travellers put up at the best hotel, or rather, where Wrench found that the best cook was supposed to be employed.

Poor Doctor Fogy's debility was daily increasing, and at length a consultation was held. However, the physicians disagreed, one maintained that the disease was in the right lung, the other swore it was in the left, until they were made to agree by a third practitioner, who insisted that both were "gone;" but all assured him that Dr. Wrench, who had called them in, had done all that could be done. Of course, as the malady increased, Wrench's consolations were redoubled. He heard occasionally from his friend Burke, who informed him that his affairs were every day getting more embarrassed, and begged of him to make haste. Whether he followed his advice or not, we cannot pretend to say; indeed, it would be difficult to give an opinion on the subject, as the patient was attended by three physicians, until at last, as might have been anticipated, his poor wife became a disconsolate widow. She would have left Nice immediately after the funeral, but her own health was delicate, the climate was favourable, and the cookery was excellent.

Captain Burke rarely read the newspapers; but what was his surprise, his

indignation, when a kind friend handed him one day a newspaper in which he read, under the head of marriages, the following astounding paragraph.

"At Nice, on the 16th May, Wriggle Wrench, Esq. M.D. to Mary, the relict of the late Ferdinand Fogy, L.L.D. and formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin."

No tigress whose whelp had been torn from her; no hyena whose dinner has been snatched from him; no damned dramatist; no hissed and pelted actor; no old maid who has lost her chance;—could possibly have felt more furious, more enraged, than did our hero at this horrid intelligence. He smashed a tumbler (strange to say, half full of punch); he broke an eye tooth in gnashing its neighbours; he kicked, founed, and swore such fearful oaths, that the waiters crossed themselves, and muttered an Ave Maria; and at last he took the rock of Cashel to witness, that he would tear the rascally 'pothecary to laby rags, turn his sowl inside out, and kick him from Cork to Connamara, within an inch of his life. He would no doubt have written all this, and more also, had he known how; moreover, he feared that a threatening letter might terrify Wrench, and prevent his return to Ireland, and thereby deprive him of his just revenge. Days appeared weeks, weeks months, and months years, until the return of the new married couple. During this time Burke, although one of the best shots in Galway, kept himself in practice, by firing at acres of spades, knife edges, and chalked lines, until he deemed it certain that he would treat the late Mrs. Fogy to a second widowhood.

At last the day of vengeance dawned. A post-chaise and four stopped at the former residence of the Doctor, and Burke, after throwing off a noggin of two of the cratur, set out on his dire purpose. A crowd had assembled round the door, to witness the long expected arrival of the happy pair. Captain Burke made his way through the throng, and asked for Dr. Wrench. The unsuspecting little man immediately made his appearance, when the Captain, without uttering a syllable, struck at him with the loaded butt-end of a hunting-whip, which would have infallibly fractured his skull, had it been hit; but the Doctor, with the agility of an eel, bobbed under the weapon, and butted his head, like a ram goat, in the pit of the Captain's stomach, with a violence which would have done honour to any Welchman, and sent him spinning amongst the astonished crowd, whose shouts and yells now rent the air. After this prowess, the Doctor very wisely ran in and shut his door.

Now the Doctor had butted his head in the Captain's stomach in a most anatomical and workmanlike style; hitting plump what he called the *celiac plexus*, which did so perplex his antagonist that he became "mortal sick." This resistance to what had, indeed, been a most brutal and ruffian assault, would have been amply satisfactory to Wrench, who felt more disposed to appeal to a magistrate than to the laws of honour; but the opinion of his wife, who seemed to think that "none but the brave deserved the fair," overruled him; and although he knew he had but little chance of escaping a ball from his antagonist, yet he felt the dire necessity of sending him a message as soon as he was recovered, and in this determination he was encouraged by his wife and her friends.

Our expectant duellist, in the mean time, formed many projects. He doubted the true courage of Burke, and thought of proposing a duel across a handkerchief.

One morning, early, as he was thus meditating on saving his honour without risking his bones, he was startled from his reverie by the sounds of martial music! Wrench had been in the army. The merry drums and shrill fife aroused him: he went to the window—it was a regiment marching in to do garrison duty—he thought he recognised the uniform; it was like that of the old and gallant 48th, that had distinguished itself in so many actions. He looked again at the colours passed by—it was the 48th. Was Jem Burnes, his old comrade, and an assistant surgeon in that corps, with it? What a comfort it would be to him to meet his once merry, rollicking companion, in his present hour of need! The regiment had passed; several mounted officers were in the rear, and, on a sorry garron, he recognized Jem Burnes. He actually gave a scream of joy: he rushed down stairs, and in a moment his hand was clasped in the rough grasp of his old school-fellow.

It is customary for officers on a march to dine together; but Jem Burnes was easily persuaded to take his pot-luck with Wrench, the more cheerfully when he told him he was in the very "centre of a hobble." It is needless to add, that the very best dinner and the most approved wines and whiskeys were brought out on the occasion. Mrs. Wrench was delighted with Jem Burnes, who, with all due respect to Maurice Quill's memory, was one of the most amusing wags that ever beguiled the tedium of camp or bivouac. After dinner, and over a jug of punch of Mrs. Wrench's composition, Wrench opened his heart to his brother chip; but he had scarcely pronounced the name of Burke, when Burnes asked him to describe the fellow, and whether he had not been in the regiment at Albuera. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he gave a shout, swallowed a scalding bumper of liquor, and exclaimed, "By the piper that played before Moses, my boy, I'll do that chap as brown as a berry;" and it now came out that Jem Burnes was the very surgeon who had seen Burke in the field at Albuera, when he had fallen out of the ranks and pretended to be wounded.

This was a glorious piece of intelligence to Wrench; but his delight was damped by the reflection, that he might have been wounded after his friend had seen him; but Burnes cheered him once more by swearing—"Not a bit of it. I know all about his wound, too. I can say no more at present, my lad of wax; but to-morrow morning, by cock shout, I'll be with him, and show all Galway that the fellow's white feather is as long as I could spin a Welsh rabbit of Malohane cheese.—Hurrah!—your sowl! Another jug, my boy, we'll have rare delight! Ah! Mister Pat Burke, the grenadier chiner, you'll never clap your croobeen under any gentleman's oster again. [Anglice, walk arm-in arm.] The big blackguard! the thief of the world! Fight him, my boy! Sorra! taste of a fight he'll have, if he waits for you, Wriggle, my lad! I'll make the spalpeen shake like a jelly-bag, like a dog in a wet sack."

Much more did Mr. James Burnes say on the occasion, and with increasing national eloquence, until he could not explain himself very clearly, and his host conducted him to the hotel. And so pregnant was he with wrath, that his very last ejaculation on tumbling into bed was, "By the powder of war, I'll turn his sowl topsy-turvy, like a beggarman's breeches."

What his vindictive dreams might have been, it is difficult to say, but at "hanging and hot-roll time," [eight in the morning] as he called it, Mr Burnes was up and dressed, and after inditing a protocol, he sallied forth on his negotiation.

Captain Burke lodged on a third floor in the back of a tailor's house, and his apartment was in keeping with his character. The room was small, and its only furniture consisted of a bed, a rickety table, a three-legged chair, and a cut down office-stool; on the table were fragments of bread and cheese, eggshells, and cigar-stumps, an empty whiskey decanter, two or three tumblers, an

end of "mutton light," stuck by way of save-all in the neck of a broken bottle; and the chamber was redolent with the fumes of punch, tobacco, and cheese. The only ornament that decorated it, was a coloured engraving of its tenant chining "The French Grenadier," and a number of cards pasted on the wall, with an ace shot out or the mark of a bullet close to the centre. On a little shelf was a case containing the Captain's "marking irons," or pistols, which were in fact the only article of any value in his kennel. He was in bed, rolled up in dirty blankets, and his head-dress, rather picturesque and a *la Rembrandt*, consisted of a napkin smeared with yolk of egg, which served him in the triple capacity of towel, table cloth, and nightcap. The visit was unexpected, and he rose on his couch to receive the interloper:—

"It's Captain Patrick Burke, no doubt, that I have the honour of addressing!" said Burnes.

"The very man," replied Burke, "but I haven't the advantage of acknowledging your acquaintance;" and he beckoned him to a seat.

"Are you quite sure and certain that you never saw the like o' me before?" said Mr. Burnes, with a sarcastic look and a wink.

"As to the matter of that, I've seen your head on some body's shoulders, but when and where, fair, I can't exactly say," replied the Captain.

"Well, I'll refresh your memory—as the man said when he trod on his neighbour's corn; and maybe it's not the field of Albuera that you recollect, on the 16th May 1811, on a beautiful rainy morning, when a man couldn't see a stirr for the fog."

Here the Captain gazed upon the unwelcome stranger, and appeared much agitated.

"If you remember, Captain, I was the surgeon you came to, to dress your desperate wounds; and when I told you that the devil a thing ailed you, you seemed quite offended. Now, I'm come to give you satisfaction."

"What do you mane, sir?" answered Burke, looking very fierce.

"I mane, that I am glad to see you recovered from your illness; it must have been a mighty indigestion when you swallowed the bear-skin cap of the grenadier you chained like an orange."

"Do you pretend to say, sir, that I was not wounded?" replied Burke, looking more fiercely.

"Arrah! pray, Captain, dear, don't look so mighty angry; I'm before breakfast, and quite *frightful*. You look as fierce as a turkey-cock with one eye."

"I don't understand your jokes, sir! Do you mane to insult me?"

"Then, 'pon my word, Captain, you're mighty 'cute at guessing a body's meaning!"

"Do you presume to say, sir," rejoined the Captain, somewhat softened down, "that I was not desperately wounded in that battle?"

"Arrah! be azy, Captain," calmly answered Burnes. "I have brought you the compliments of Senor Don Pedro d'Arevedo, at whose house you were quartered at Olivenca, when your desperate wounds compelled you to go to the rear."

Burke's lips quivered.

"And wasn't she a nice body, the Senora Maria, the Don's wife? and mighty fond of an Irishman? And didn't the darling boy of an Irishman give the Doc a right good lambasting?—devil mend him for his jealousy; and didn't the Don waylay the coolen, and tip him a touch of cold iron, just under the bracket, and left him, as he thought, for dead; and, like a good Christian that he was, had masses said for his poor soul? And wa'n't that Irishman a Mr. Patrick Burke, from Galway, as great a bully and a coward as ever pulled foot before an enemy?"

"Blood and ouns, sir!" roared out Burke.

"Keep your temper, jewel, or you may break a blood-vessel.—Unfortunately for Captain Burke, he left his kit in his quarters, with his name on the trunk;—and a mighty nice kit it was: one shirt and a half, twenty-four shirt-collars, and twelve wristbands; three woollen socks, and a half a pair of woollen drawers; the entire of which the provost sold by auction for a tenpenny bit.—But he had also left his silver watch, which I kept until I could find the Captain; and the case of which served me in the meantime to poach eggs in. Here it is, Captain, as good as new, only the guts are all knocked out."

So saying, he presented the horror-struck Captain with an old silver watch, of the value of about five shillings, with the arms of his family engraved on the case.

The Captain looked aghast, as his tormentor laid the watch on his bed, adding: "It's no doubt a family heir-loom, for, I understand you are descended from a mighty ancient race,—by the powers! I don't think that you could descend much lower than you are?"

Burke was quivering with rage, and at last burst forth:—"You shall give me satisfaction for this, sir! Leave my room—and to-morrow—"

"To-morrow! Mr. Captain Burke, the following little bit of information shall be stuck up in the coffee room; but, as I believe your spelling is indifferent, I'll assist you,"—and Burnes read the following:—

"Whereas, a fellow, of the name of Patrick Burke, formerly an ensign in the—regiment from which he was dismissed for ungentlemanly and un-officerlike conduct by a court-martial, has thought proper to assume the appellation of Captain, and to boast of various feats of arms at the battle of Albuera, We, the indignant Officers of his Majesty's—regiment, do hereby declare, for the purpose of undeceiving the public in regard to this bare-faced impostor, that the said Patrick Burke deserted his colours during that glorious action in the most cowardly and dastardly manner, dropping to the rear, and pretending to be wounded; that he fled as far as Olivenca, where instead of concealing his disgrace, he insulted in the most ruffianlike manner the wife of his hospitable host, a weak and debilitated man, whom he maltreated in the most brutal and base manner; in consequence of which the said host, whose name was Don Pedro d'Arevedo, stabbed the ruffian, who, when carried to the hospital of Elvas, falsely and infamously declared that the wound he had received had been inflicted by a French grenadier in the battle of Albuera, whom he had chained; and the said Burke has subsequently continued to maintain this infamous falsehood. Therefore, We, the undersigned, to prevent a hostile meeting which was about to take place between this blackguard and a gentleman of the town, who is no doubt unacquainted with his character, do hereby declare him to be a coward, a liar, and a slanderer, unfit to move in the society of gentlemen; and have no hesitation in saying, that any person who would condescend to meet him, would sink himself to his degraded and contemptible level.—And here, Mr. Captain Burke," added his visitor, follow the signatures of eight officers, who like myself, witnessed your gallant conduct on the occasion. And now, sir, that I have convinced you that the greatest blackguard can pass for a gentleman, and the most dastardly coward fight a duel, and kill his man, I wish you a good morning."

Mr. Patrick Burke was an ingenious man, and a great admirer of the great

Napoleon; and as that hero invariably ran away when he got into scrapes—from Egypt, Russia, and Waterloo,—Burke did not consider it derogatory to his dignity to levitate, or, as it is genteelly called in Ireland, "tip his rags a gallop."—That very night he left his key under his door and departed, owing a twelve-month's rent to his landlord, besides a suit of clothes, and various artistic renovations. Thus did Dr. Wriggle Wrench find himself the tranquil possessor of a handsome wife, and a property of upwards of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, which, fortunately for the town of Galway, enabled him to live without practice, having verified by his marriage the old Irish saying—"you might as well kill a man as frighten him to death."

It is customary for all writers of romances and stories to inform the gentle and curious reader, that the hero and heroine of his tale led a long and a happy life—but, alas! as we are historians, we have not such a favourable issue to record. We lament to say, that a gallant and gay lieutenant-colonel of dragons smote the lady's too-susceptible heart, she proved faithless to the little Doctor. A trial ensued, and, strange to say, twelve true men, who no doubt were bachelors, brought in a verdict of *One shilling damages!*

Her fortune was at her own disposal; and the last time we heard of Dr. Wrench, he was surgeon of a convict ship.

Burke was more lucky. He had taken his departure with several adventurers, for south America, where he really did screw his courage to the sticking point—the more readily, as the mode of warfare was just calculated to suit him—fighting for three days in the week, running away the three days following, and resting to repose on his laurels every Sunday. Thus, he actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The story of "The French Grenadier of Albuera," he would still relate, but as a *hoax* that he had practised on national gullibility. He returned to England covered with glory and succeeded in marrying a rich old maid at Brighton, who amply rewarded him for his hard services.

Were we editing another series of "Sayings and Doings," this happy union might have illustrated a proverb much used in the Emerald Isle, "It is a long lane that has no turn."

THE INDIAN DISPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

With the exception of four letters, written during the campaign in Holland of 1794-95, the letters of this section commence on the 3d October 1798, at Madras, where Colonel Wellesley had been ordered to join the army preparing to march against Seringapatam under General Harris, and end on the 9th July 1805, with some epistles written from St. Helena during the homeward voyage of Major General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B. Memorandums on a great variety of civil and military subjects are intermingled with the correspondence; papers on Dearth in India, and on a proposed plan of employing Negro Troops in India and Sepoys in the West Indies, written on the voyage home, are printed as addenda, together with the Memorandum on Marquis Wellesley's Government of India, composed after the Parliamentary session of 1806.

The topics which employed the indefatigable pen of the ready writer during the seven years of his Indian service are of endless variety; but the leading affairs in which he was engaged admit of reduction to some general classification, as this again admits of a division into principal and subordinate. The first principal employment of Colonel Wellesley was in settling, in conjunction with a Commission of which he was the head, the territories that we acquired after the conquest of Seringapatam and downfall of Tipoo. When it was arranged what provinces we should give to our allies and what we should keep to ourselves, the Mysore territory was erected into a distinct command, and was given to Colonel Wellesley, by his brother the Governor-General; and he was rendered so far independent of all subordinate authority as to receive his orders directly from the Supreme Government of Calcutta, and to report directly to it. The second great employment was the Mahratta war in the Deccan; which arose in this way. Nominally the Peshwah was the head of the Mahratta state; but practically he was inferior in power to Scindiah, Holkar, and the Rajah of Berar, each of whom was anxious to get possession of his person to act as a viceroy over him. At the time in question, Scindiah was the controller of the Peshwah's court of Poonah; but Holkar, taking up arms to overthrow this ascendancy, defeated the united forces of the Peshwah and Scindiah, in a battle fought near Poonah, on the 25th October 1802. The Peshwah fled; threw himself upon the English, who agreed to protect him; and Major General Wellesley at the head of an army restored him to his throne. It was literally a restoration; for the Mahratta chief had no power out of his capital. Holkar, indeed, retired to his own territories, but kept up a threatening position; whilst Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar pushed their armies upon the frontier of our ally the Nizam; and as they refused to withdraw, war was declared against them. The campaign that followed gave rise to the battle of Assaye, gained over Scindiah's forces, on the 23d September 1803, and the victory of Argaum, in which the united forces of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar were defeated, on the 29th of November following, when a peace was negotiated. By a stretch of authority, which if justifiable was perhaps unusual, the Governor-General not only gave to his brother an "extraordinary power" for the conclusion of peace or the prosecution of the war, together with the general direction and control of all the political and military affairs of the British Government in the territories of the Nizam, the Peshwah, and of the Mahratta states and chiefs in the Deccan, but an authority over the forces in Guzerat belonging to the Bombay Presidency. Hence, besides the diplomacy, policy, and military matters of the Deccan branch of the Mahratta war, a good deal of the internal economy of the Bombay Government was brought under the notice of Major General Wellesley.

The more subordinate matters of action were the campaign against Seringapatam; the pursuit and destruction of a Mahratta freebooter or chieftain called Ohoondiah Waugh, whilst Colonel Wellesley held the command of Mysore; and the surprise, celebrated, in the Duke's mind, for its forced march, of another predatory body, after the peace with Scindiah and the Rajah. Two other affairs, though not ending in action, are also embraced in the letters,—the preparation of an expedition against Mauritius, subsequently changed to Egypt, to which General Baird was appointed over Colonel Wellesley's head, (whereas the Colonel was exceedingly angry); and opinions on various matters, written in Calcutta and other places, between his return from the Deccan in June 1804 and his embarkation for England in March 1805. The most interesting of these miscellaneous papers relate to Lake's campaign against Holkar in Hindostan.

The substantial matter of the letters relates, as we have intimated, to the policy, diplomacy, and military matters of India during the period in question. The military as a whole predominates; exhibiting by special instances the interior economy of the service, and illustrating by examples, criticism, or remarks, the principles of Oriental and general warfare. A strongly marked

character is visible throughout, especially in the private letters; and the orders or quasi-orders are strikingly exhibit of the qualities of the writer.

Descending to more critical particulars, the impression of the reader of the "Selections from the Dispatches," &c. will be rather enlarged and matured than materially altered. Perhaps the first and most obvious feeling will be the early period at which the author had formed his style. The four letters written in Holland, though upon mere military business, have a transparent clearness which he never surpassed, and which when he got into more extended subjects he sometimes lost sight of. They have also as much straightforwardness, and as complete a grasp of the whole, such as it is. From an early period, though not so early as this, he displays "the usual concomitant of great abilities, a lofty and steady confidence in himself, and perhaps not without some contempt of others." The imperial style seems to have grown with command and success. The Major General in the Deccan appears to us to issue directions more like an Emperor than the Colonel in Mysore. The causticity and indifference—the naïveté, which may imply either an obtuse simplicity or a bitter and mocking rebuke—also grew up, and rapidly. In any case the writer is bounded by his subject; whatever it naturally is, or his disposition makes it, such and no more is the effect produced: he cannot, like the Marquis of Wellesley, endow commonplace with a kind of pompous dignity, or, with some other writers, animate it by lightness of touch or force of diction. He does not overlay a subject by needless words; but he imparts no adventitious interest by arrangement or treatment. On great occasions, where description or narrative rather than criticism or exposition is involved, he does not even rise to this merit. His official accounts of his battles are inferior—dry and technical. Those in his private epistles are better; but the reflective predominates over the descriptive: he dwells upon the military means or the military results, or he deduces some practical conclusion from his experiment *in corpore viro*. We believe he entertains an opinion that a battle cannot properly be described—that is, its story cannot be truly told. Here is an example of what we mean.

THE VICTOR ON THE VICTORY OF ASSAYE.

To Major Malcolm—"As the enemy have still several brigades undefeated, I almost doubt the propriety of the expedition into Berar by one of our divisions only. Their infantry is the best I ever saw in India, excepting our own; and they and their equipments far surpass Tippoo's. I assure you that their fire was so heavy, that I much doubted at one time whether I should be able to prevail upon our troops to advance; and all agree that the battle was the fiercest that has ever been seen in India. Our troops behaved admirably; the Sepoys astonished me.

"These circumstances, and the vast loss which I sustained, make it clear that we ought not to attack them again, unless we have something nearer an equality of numbers."

To Colonel Stevenson (second in command)—"Supposing that you determine to have a brush with them, I recommend what follows to your consideration. Do not attack their position, because they always take up such as are confoundingly strong and difficult of access; for which the banks of the numerous rivers and nullahs afford them every facility. Do not remain in your own position, however strong it may be, or however well you may have entrenched it; but when you hear that they are on their march to attack you, secure your baggage, and move out of your camp. You will find them in the common disorder of march; they will not have time to form, which, being but half-disciplined troops, is necessary for them. At all events, you will have the advantage of making the attack on ground which they will not have chosen for the battle; a part of their troops only will be engaged; and it is possible that you will gain an easy victory. Indeed, according to this mode, you might choose the field of battle yourself some days before, and might meet them upon that very ground.

"There is another mode of avoiding an action, which is, to keep constantly in motion; but unless you come towards me, that would not answer. For my part, I am of opinion, that after the beating they received on the 23d September, they are not likely to stand for a second; and they will all retire with precipitation. But the Natives of this country are rashness personified; and I acknowledge that I should not like to see again such a loss as I sustained on the 24th September, even if attended by such a gain."

It is also remarkable, how early the Duke of Wellington must have discovered those principles of war which render a battle but a climax of many other things, or sometimes an accident of the strategic action, opposed so curiously, and in the long run so fatally, to Napoleon's system, under which a battle was all in all, and the support of the army trusted pretty much to the chance of the locality, and its interior economy neglected altogether except as regarded military matters. In fighting a battle there is always an inevitable risk; but there are other ways in which an enemy may be rendered powerless, or eventually destroyed, though that enemy should at first be equal or perhaps superior in mere fighting power. These principles, so grandly developed in the Peninsula, seem to have been early formed in Wellington's mind; for their germ will be found in a remarkable memorandum with which he furnished General Baird, when illness prevented Colonel Wellesley from accompanying the expedition to Egypt.

What is possible for the unimaginative mind to accomplish, is accomplished by Wellington. He passes a sound and rational judgment upon the endless variety of matters submitted to him; in pronouncing upon a particular instance he very often rises to the general principle which governs all other examples of the same kind: he so thoroughly penetrated the nature of the larger questions that came before him, that the rules of Indian warfare, and of Indian policy, (*ceteris paribus*), may be deduced from his writings. He even goes farther than this; discovering hidden truths, or at least truths whose material shape is not directly before him.

In one point of view, many of these letters would furnish the model of a business, legal, or official style, from their clearness, firmness, and unimpassioned character. In this light, a selection of the best would deserve to be studied as literary models, though rather by principals than subordinates. But their coldness, on questions where warmth or feeling are necessary to the subject, imparts to them a singular air; the strength of the terms contrasting oddly with the immobility of the feeling.

This immobility or suppression of feeling extends to matters which concern himself, and upon which it seems likely that he felt acutely. Sensitiveness is a trait of which few would suspect Wellington; yet we think that he was sensitive if the offence came from power. To public opinion he might be indifferent as the Roman of Horace—"Populus me sibilat"; he perhaps cared nothing about the opinion of his fellow-soldiers, or his social equals, even if he thought he stood in a wrong light, but could not explain without "detriment to the public interests." Death itself mostly draws from him full particulars in a long story, or regrets for the military or civil loss. But let authority touch

him, and he is sore enough. When the Governor-General appointed General Baird to command the Egyptian expedition, or as Colonel Wellesley has it, to supersede him, he writes in these terms to their brother Henry—

"I then ask you has there been any change whatever of circumstances that was not expected when I was appointed to the command? If there has not (and no one can say there has, without doing injustice to the Governor-General's foresight,) my supercession must have been occasioned either by my own misconduct or by an alteration of the sentiments of the Governor-General."

"I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always goodnatured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished, like Gen. Kray, to my estate in Hungary. I did not look, and did not wish, for the appointment which was given to me; and I say that it would probably have more proper to give it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to the Governments upon the subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it.

"I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought and have had no weight in causing either my original appointment or my supercession. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by Government upon the occasion. However, I have lost neither my health, spirits, nor temper, in consequence thereof."

During the Mahratta war, he ordered a contribution to be levied on a town called Burhanpoor. This came to the ears of the Governor; whose lofty ideas of British statesmanship seem to have been startled by this French or freebooting system of making the war maintain itself. But he merely proceeded to "hint a fault and hesitate dislike," when the Major-General flares up, and writes as follows to his friend Malcolm—

"I am much annoyed by the receipt of a letter from Sydenham, written by the Governor-General's order, from which I perceive that some suspicion is entertained respecting the propriety of demanding the contribution at Burhanpoor, the report of which had reached the Governor-General through a private channel. Great pains are taken in Sydenham's letter to prove to me that no suspicion is entertained, that the questions upon the subject are asked merely for information; but those very pains prove the existence of the suspicion; and in fact, why is he in such a hurry to ask for information upon a subject upon which information must be given, unless some suspicion is entertained?"

"I have answered this letter, and have shown, that from the increase of my expenses, by measures not mine—by the total want of funds provided for this army—by my being left to chance—and by the Governor-General having employed the frigate sent to Bengal for money—and by not paying my bills at Benares and not furnishing money to pay them at Bombay—there was every reason to expect the loss of the campaign from the deficiency of funds to carry it on; and that, in fact, I could not have paid the troops in December, if it had not been for this very sum of money raised by contribution at Burhanpoor, and the sales of goods captured at Asseerghur."

"I have told the Governor-General, that if he disapproves of the measure, he may order the money to be restored; but I have warned him, that if he does give those orders, Scindiah will certainly put the money into his pocket. In fact, if I had not exerted myself to keep in my hands a command of money, what would have become of the campaign? Where would have been the national honour or character if the campaign had been lost?"

Philosophy is another quality scarcely expected in Wellington; yet he has philosophy which, disregarding the forms of things, looks only to their nature. Instances might be produced in apparent opposition to this opinion, but we think they will be found to be questions where the nature of the business is formal a disregard of conventional practices would produce far more evil than any compliance with customary usage. The puppet potentates of the East are estimated at their true value; the meaneast Native is not rated below it—except in war, when philosophy yields to "force and arms." There is, however, a similar limit to his philosophy as to his immobility—it melts before the glance of power. Had his lot been cast among the ancient philosophers, he would have resembled the sage at the court of Hadrian, who would not confute the master of so many legions. He seems through life to have looked upon supreme authority, not with servility, not with superstitious reverence, (for he is ready to criticize,) but with that unresisting submission which mankind pay to the laws of nature. He would as soon have thought of opposing established power, to which he owed allegiance, as men would think of living with their heads under water.

The indefatigable application of Wellington is common knowledge, but no one can have a full idea of it without going over his Dispatches. The sense of the work he must have gone through is almost overwhelming to the mind. On some days the mere writing of the letters would appear to have been employment enough for any one; yet, in addition to this, he must have had all the routine and formal duties of a commander-in-chief and of principal diplomatist to perform: nor does it seem likely that on any day he could have escaped from questions of much temporary importance to the parties concerned, especially as every Native insisted upon dealing personally with him; and all this work was done amid the fatigues of marches and the relaxing nature of an Indian climate. Yet he is probably not a lover of labour for his own sake. Had he followed authorcraft, he would have weighed "solid pudding against empty praise." The only paper which has an abstract character—which was written without some necessity, or some bearing upon action present or in prospect—is the article on Dearth in India. The choice was voluntary—suggested by a speech of Mackintosh, which he "read in a Bombay newspaper," and his own experience of the famine in question. The subject was important, for the writer himself had known fifty persons die daily in a single city, notwithstanding a sort of poor-law he had established to feed the destitute from the public stores. It was written on the voyage home, when he was at leisure; and it bears marks of care and condensation. It has a largeness co-extensive with its subject; it contains the knowledge of the geographer, the economist, and the cultivator, shown in conjunction with the close observer of every thing that came before him; the country and its cultivation, as dependent upon natural phenomena and human art, are exhibited as in a pictured plan; and the conclusions are just and true: but no public authority had demanded it, nothing could "come of it," and it is left unfinished.

The most striking, and, looking to the autobiographical nature of the publication, perhaps the most curious trait in the volumes, is their astonishing variety. Subjects the most opposite were constantly submitted to the writer for decision; and each receives a consideration rather according to its own nature than to its apparent importance (though he may rebuke the litigant of trivialities). Laws military and municipal, and sometimes nice points, were sent to him,—as when certain persons had pledged for loans, which pledges were plun-

dered, or said to be plundered, in the sack of Seringapatam, and the borrowers came to demand their gage. The rate of exchange, the principles of profit and loss, the practice of house-building, road-making, boat, bridge, and carriage-building, were brought under his consideration. Sometimes his talk was of oxen, very frequently of the horse: straw and green meat—rice and dry grain, with their various qualities and nutritive effects—military squabbles and military misbehaviour—regulations of police and hygiene—with "many other particulars, too numerous to mention," all came before him, mingled with the larger questions of military discipline—the principles of warfare, modified by the character of the people and the country—the position, interests, and actors of the Native courts, and the policy which should regulate our intercourse with them. In all these a sound mind generally leads to a sound conclusion; though hard or harsh, with perhaps some of the stern indifference to individual feeling which philosophical poets have ascribed to superior beings in contemplating mundane matters. It was this training which gave him his vast insight into human affairs; and, with success, inspired him with that self-confidence which subsequently supported him through the more trying scenes of the Peninsula, when he had to contend with the power of France and the incapacity of the British Government, as it enabled him at a later period of engage successfully in civil affairs, to the nine days' wonder of the world. It must not, however, be concealed, that in India he had the advantages such as no other man in a subordinate capacity perhaps ever enjoyed. If his brother did not use his influence as Governor General to advance him unduly, he certainly gave him unexampled power and support.

Those who wish to test the opinions advanced in this notice must examine the Dispatches, and with some care, for by no other evidence can the deductions be supported: but we will take as many quotations as we can, that have a bearing upon the variety of the matter, or the style and character of the writer.

STATE OF A SACKED CITY.

"[Seringapatam,] 5th May, 10 A.M.

To Lieut.-Gen. Harris—"We are in such confusion still, that I recommend it to you not to come in till tomorrow, or, at soonest, late this evening. Before I came here, Gen. Baird had given the treasure in charge to the prize agents. There is a guard over it, and it appears to be large.

"As soon as I can find out where the families of the great men are, I shall send guards to take care of them. At present I can find nobody who can give me any information upon the subject.

"P.S. There are some tigers here which I wish Meer Alum would send for, or else I must give orders to have them shot, as there is no food for them, and nobody to attend them, and they are getting violent."

"12 P.M.

To Lieut. Gen. Harris—"I wish you would send the Provost here, and put him under my orders. Until some of the plunderers are hanged, it is in vain to expect to stop the plunder. I shall be obliged to you if you will send positive orders respecting the treasure."

"Seringapatam, 5th May 1799.

To Lieut. Gen. Harris—"Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and until the Provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order, or indeed safety.

"There are at this moment Sepoys and soldiers belonging to every regiment in your camp and Gen. Stuart's in the town. It would surely be advisable to order the rolls to be called constantly, and to forbid any people to leave camp.

"For a few days, likewise, it would be very advisable that the officers of the army should suspend the gratification of their curiosity, and that none but those on duty should come into the town. It only increases the confusion and the terror of the inhabitants. Till both subside in some degree, we cannot expect that they will return to their habitations.

"P.S. I hope the relief is coming, and that I shall soon receive your orders respecting the treasure."

"Seringapatam, 6th May 1799.

To Lieut. Gen. Harris—"Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead, which I hope will be completed this day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers."

The late attack on the Directors would seem to be the requital of a grudge of more than forty years standing. He thus writes to Malcolm touching the Leadenhall Street folks of 1802—

"The degree of approbation which will be given to them [measures] at home will be in proportion to the knowledge which people have of the characters of the leading men in India, particularly of those of the favourites of the Court of Directors. I hope, therefore, that Lord W. has taken care in his dispatches to bring a few facts to the knowledge of his friends in England. I rejoice to hear that he intends to go home if just ce is not done to him by the Court of Directors; and if the Ministers do not give him security that he shall not be again liable to the corrupt and vulgar interference of Leadenhall Street in the operations of his government. Their appointment to all the principal offices at Fort St. George, and the encouragement which I understand they have given to their Councils to oppose the acts of their Governors, are inconsistent with the spirit of, if not utterly contrary to the law; and their sending out to India all those who have been sent home for misbehaviour, must, if not prevented in future, and in the annihilation of all British power in India. All these measures are aimed directly at Lord Wellesley; and he cannot remain in the government, and no gentleman can succeed him, if means are not taken to prevent them in future."

BEWARE OF BEING OVERCOME.

Seringapatam, 17th July 1802.

G. O.—Col. Wellesley was concerned to learn that any officer under his command had been put in arrest for "coming to the parade of his regiment in a state of intoxication;" and although it appears, by the evidence which has been brought before the General Court Martial, of which Lieut. Col. Mackay was president, that Major Beil, the commanding officer of ———, may have been mis-taken on this occasion, Col. Wellesley is concerned to be under the necessity of observing, that if there had not been good reason to believe that ——— was in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors at undue hours, Major Beil would not have attributed his staggering upon the parade to intoxication, but would have supposed that it was occasioned by other causes. It is not to be imagined that any officer would cast such an imputation upon another upon the first symptom of his deserving it; and the observations made by ——— in his defence, that his staggering ought to be imputed to indisposition, would be correct, if circumstances had not given too strong reason to believe that intoxication alone was the cause of it.

Col. Wellesley, therefore, in reprimanding ——— for the crimes of which he has been found guilty, cannot avoid calling his attention, and that of the

troops under his command in general, to the other crime of which he has been acquitted. It is one of the most degrading to the character of an officer, which renders him unfit for any part of his duty; and by the practice of it he fails in the most essential point, the setting an example to the soldiers under his command. Col. Wellesley, however, has the pleasure of reflecting that this failing is rare among the officers under his command, in proportion as it is great; but he warns all against even the suspicion of it.

THE BAKER AND THE BREAD.

Seringapatam, 10th September 1802.

G. O.—Col. Wellesley has received a report from Lieut. Col. Brown, commanding at Hullihall, dated the 5th instant, upon the subject of the conduct of certain officers of the First Batt. — Bombay Regt., regarding a baker at Hullihall, which appears to him so extraordinary as to require this public mode of expressing his sentiments upon it.

It appears that Ensign ———, of the First Batt. — Regt., beat the baker of the place; in consequence of which, Lieut. Col. Brown issued an order to prohibit all officers and soldiers under his command from molesting the inhabitants of Hullihall in any manner. Col. Wellesley entirely approves of that order issued by Lieut. Col. Brown; and he desires that he will see it carried into execution and that he will put in arrest and report to him the name of any officer who disobeys it.

In consequence of the beating given to this baker, or for some other reason, it appears he that he does not choose to bake any longer at Hullihall, and that he quits the place and proceeds to Goa. Some of the officers of the First Batt. — Regt. then write letters to Lieut. Col. Brown to complain that they have not bread for their breakfasts; and others wait upon him to make similar complaints, having omitted to put on their side-arms.

The officers of the First Batt. — Regt. must be informed, first, that Lieut. Col. Brown is by no means obliged to find a baker to bake bread for them; secondly, that, living in the same fort with their commanding-officer, it is their duty to wait upon him, to make their complaints known to him, and to write to him upon all trifling occasions; and thirdly, that if they should find it necessary to wait upon him, or even to quit their quarters at all, the standing orders of this Army, and the customs of every military service, require that they should wear their side-arms.

THE WELLINGTON-ORIENTAL STYLE.

21st September, 1802.

To his Highness the Nizam.—After the assurance of devoted submission, the representative of the sincere well-wisher Col. Wellesley, has the honour to state to the attendants on the presence, the treasury of bounty, of the unsullied Nabob of exalted titles, whose turrets are the heavens, and whose origin is celestial, (be his dignified shade extended!) that two purses, containing the illustrious enayettannahs, replete with kindness, the one vouchsafing the acknowledgment of the bark of the Murgosah trees, and the other communicating the extreme benefit which had been effected by it, with an order for the transmission of some bark from the trunks of both the trees, sealed, and under the charge of the camel hirearrab of the prosperous Circar, honoured and elevated me by the grandeur of their approach and the dignity of their arrival.

On learning the circumstance of the benefit which had been experienced by the brilliant constitution, from the attendants on the presence, from the application of the aforesaid bark, I derived the utmost happiness.

The desire of my heart, the seat of constancy, is that the exalted attendant will confidently regard and esteem the aforesaid bark as a memorable instance of the loyalty of the well-wisher, and as a testimony of the anxiety of British officers to effect all arrangements which may be desired by or beneficial to the noble presence.

May the God of his slaves grant that the orb of your prosperity may shine and glitter from the eternal horizon, like the sun in the zenith!

PRELIMINARY STATE OF THE MAHRATTAS.

I have to observe, that the more I see of the Mahrattas, the more convinced I am that they never could have any alliance with the French. The French, on their arrival, would want equipments, which would cost money, or money to procure them; and there is not a Mahratta in the whole country, from the Peshwah down to the lowest horseman, who has a shilling.

WELLINGTON'S MODE OF DEALING.

There is a fellow, by the name of Mousa, at Tellicherry who supplies the Rajah with rice, to my certain knowledge. A hint might be given to him that I am in the habit of hanging those whom I find living under the protection of the Company and dealing treacherously towards their interests; that I spare neither rank nor riches; but that, on the contrary, I punish severely those who by their example create the evils for which the unfortunate people suffer.

WANT OF SENTIMENT AT BOMBAY.

In the last year, when Government authorized me to order repairs to be made to the latter, I thought that the officers might be trusted to make these repairs themselves; and I adopted that mode particularly as there were no engineers in the country who could undertake works to be performed. I am sorry to say that there is such a want of sentiment among the gentlemen of the Bombay establishment, that, although they have charged large sums for outlays for their troops, they have done nothing, and the troops are as much exposed to the weather as ever; and they now look out for a job of this kind as a matter of legal profit. They have bored me to death with letters upon the subject, and at last they have reached the Military Board through the medium of Mr. Gordon. By one of the letters, which I enclose you, it appears that the fort of Chandergooty is falling down; which I acknowledged I look upon as a fortunate circumstance. * * * Thus we should get rid of a job of the most distressing kind. There is nothing, I assure you, so bad as Bombay gentlemen.

TACTICS AGAINST FREEBOOTERS.

The account you give of the state of Holkar's army is very satisfactory. I have served a good deal in this part of India against this description of freebooter; and I think that the best mode of operating is to press him with one or two corps capable of moving with tolerable celerity, and of such strength as to render the result of an action by no means doubtful, if he should venture to risk one. There is but little hope, it is true, that he will risk an action, or that any one of these corps will come up with him. The effect to be produced by this mode of operation is to oblige him to move constantly and with great celerity. When reduced to this necessity, he cannot venture to stop to plunder the country, and he does comparative but little mischief; at all events, the subsistence of his army becomes difficult and precarious, the horsemen become dissatisfied they perceive that their situation is hopeless, and they desert in numbers daily; the freebooter ends by having with him only a few adherents; and he is reduced to such a state as to be liable to be taken by any small

body of country horse, which are the fittest troops to be then employed against him.

In proportion as the body of our troops, to be employed against a freebooter of this description, have the power of moving with celerity, will such freebooter be distressed. Whenever the largest and most formidable bodies of them are hard pressed by our troops, the village people attack them upon their rear and flanks, cut off stragglers, and will not allow a man to enter their villages; because their villages being in some degree fortified, they know well that the freebooters dare not wait the time which would be necessary to reduce them. When this is the case, all their means of subsistence vanish; no resource remains excepting to separate; and even this resource is attended by risk, as the village people cut them off on their way to their homes.

The following remarks have been printed before, but they are too useful in all professions to be properly omitted in an account of the great Duke's writings.

SECRECY.

I believe that in my public dispatches I have alluded to every point in which I should wish to draw your attention, excepting one, which I will mention to you, that is the secrecy of all your proceedings.

There is nothing more certain than that, of one hundred affairs, ninety-nine might be posted up at the market-cross without injury to the public interests; but the unfortunate is, that where the public business is the subject of general conversation, and is not kept secret as a matter of course upon every occasion, it is very difficult to keep the secret upon that occasion on which it is necessary. There is an awkwardness in a secret which enables discerning men (of which description there are always plenty in an army) invariably to find it out; and it may be depended upon, that whenever the public business ought to be kept secret, it always suffers when it is exposed to public view. For this reason secrecy is always best; and those who have been long trusted with the conduct of public affairs are in the habit of never making known public business of any description that it is not necessary that the public should know. The consequence is, that secrecy becomes natural to them, and as much a habit as it is to others to talk of public matters; and they have it in their power to keep things secret or not, as they may think proper.

The Memorandum on the scheme to employ Negroes in the East Indies is complete and conclusive, and has something of the breadth of historical composition. It is also valuable for the military principles it contains, and curious for some of its facts, and the power of observation they show in the author, as well as his total want of imagination.

BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE EAST.

Bravery is the characteristic of the British army in all quarters of the world; but no other quarter has afforded such striking examples of the existence of this quality in the soldiers as the East Indies. An instance of their misbehavior in the field has never been known; and particularly, those who have been for some time in that country cannot be ordered upon any service, however dangerous or arduous, that they will not effect, not only with bravery, but a degree of skill not often witnessed in persons of their description in other parts of the world.

I attribute these qualities, which are peculiar to them in the East Indies, to the distinctness of their class in that country from all others existing in it. They feel that they are a distinct and superior class to the rest of the world which surrounds them; and their actions correspond with their high notions of their own superiority. Add to these qualities, that their bodies are inured to climate, hardship, and fatigue, by long residence, habit, and exercise, to such a degree, that I have seen them for years together in the field without suffering any material sickness; that I have made them march sixty miles in thirty hours, and afterwards engage the enemy; and it will not be surprising that they should be respected as they are throughout India. Their weaknesses and vices, however repugnant to the feelings and prejudices of the Natives, are passed over in the contemplation of their excellent qualities as soldiers, of which no nation has hitherto given such extraordinary instances. These qualities are the foundation of the British strength in Asia, and of that opinion by which it is generally supposed that the British empire has been gained and upheld. These qualities show in what manner nations consisting of millions are governed by thirty thousand strangers.

For this body, endowed with these excellent qualities, are Negroes a substitute? It does not appear that the fidelity of the Negroes can be depended upon; they are prone to mutiny. They are brave, undoubtedly; but are they unhesitatingly so as the English soldiers?

The work wants graphical illustrations—maps of the districts on a larger scale than they are represented in a general atlas, and plans of the actions.

Notes, too, are required; for the few that Col. Garwood has added scarcely deserve the title, though they are very good as far as they go. Many minute matters are of necessity obscure as they stand; sometimes the beginning or end of things does not appear, though perhaps exciting more interest in the reader than greater matters; and in many cases the characters, or position rather of the correspondents, may be unknown, or their particular situation at the time in question. Thus, there is Major Shawe, to whom the Duke addresses very important and confidential communications: the Major was the Private Secretary to the Governor-General, who at last wrote to his brother, "I do not know why you address your private letters to the Private Secretary, and not to me: consult, however, your private convenience." To this the General replies—"I have generally written to Major Shawe for two reasons: 1st, because it was probable I should get an answer from him; 2ndly, it was probable that this answer would contain intelligence of matters in Bengal which it was desirable that I should have." The soldier seems to have seen, what the statesman overlooked, that by writing to him through Shawe, nothing was on record, and it could be denied even in a court of honour.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Of all the agreeable, of all the fascinating creatures in existence, none can equal "the real woman of the world." Of all the cold, stiff, and repulsive characters that frequent society, none can vie with "the woman of the world." Opposites may sometimes be true; the contradictory account here given of the same individual is strictly correct. To the rich, to the great, to the influential, the female we describe in the most agreeable companion that ever won golden opinions. To the poor relative, to the fallen friend, or the person above whom she has risen, none can be so haughty, so insulting. Thank Heaven! we seldom find spinsters enlisted in this class, and rarely persons during their first marriage; but in a well-seasoned widowhood, in a state of second connubial bliss, the vampire lady has full scope to play off the knowledge, the intrigue, which debased moments have instilled into her. To trample on those who

have served her to cast those who can no longer pander to her ambition or her pleasure, to spurn her equals, and to make use of her superiors, are the only objects in life which the hackneyed and often-deceived female of this class endeavours to accomplish. The long-cheated gambler frequently ends in becoming a sharper, considering it but fair to retaliate on the less experienced those evils which he himself has endured. On the same principle, the well-worn matron of deeply-acquired knowledge, seeks to deceive those who have already but too often succeeded in misleading her. If you are of a reckless disposition you may encounter a tiger single-handed, and, by a miracle, come off victorious. Avoid, however, a "woman of the world." Satan himself is no match for her.

When a woman of this stamp smiles, be sure that deceit lurks under the seeming good-nature. It is true that she will occasionally, in passing in her carriage, or even in speaking to her servant, thus indulge; these bland looks, however, are meant to show her teeth, half of which are false. If she really and palpably smiles upon you, there is a latent motive, which has called up the look: some scheme is about to be built on your cruelty. When she frowns she is less dangerous; you have foiled her, you have thwarted her in some of her plans, you have gained her eternal enmity; so much the better. The open hatred of such a being is far preferable to her hollow, and upas-breathing friendship.

If a widow, she is mild, extremely ready to oblige, anxious to promote the pleasures of "young people," desirous of showing attention to the old and the infirm. A fulfil of her own accomplishments, she seems anxious to draw out those of others, warm in her regards, earnest in her advice, and general conversation.

If married, she publicly makes much of her husband, because she knows it raises herself. A tyrant at home, she is all amiably abroad; wedded to an old man, she pretends to be jealous of him, in order to tickle his vanity. Espoused to a young one, she continually affords him a round of pleasure, to prevent his thoughts recurring to the match he has made. Overbearing to her dependant relatives, obsequious to her betters, knowing and alert towards her tradespeople, apparently innocent and simple in general society, the woman of the world has accumulated a nice little sum, amassed what she vulgarly called "a long stocking," in case of her husband's death; for, be it well understood, this regular church-goer has taken her own reading of the parable of the "unjust steward," and wisely determined to make friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness," in order that worldly friends may receive her into their "habitations."

No circumstance can throw the well-tutored "woman of the world" off her guard. It is true she has her company manner and voice, her domestic rule and tone; yet so perfectly au fait is she, so continually prepared for every event, that I am confident, in case of a fire occurring, or a storm beating in the roof of the house, she would, previously to flying from the premises, secure her jewel-box, throw off her curl-papers, and put on a little rouge.

These persons, like characters in a masquerade, are often of the amusing sort. The key of their actions, once in your possession, like the manœuvres of a snake, their tortuous movements are an amusing study. They can never seek their object in a direct line; the very act of shaking your hand is with them a subject of speculation. If they have children, they only look upon them as the probable means of future aggrandizement. If they have only step-children, they manage to sow dissension between them and their actual parent, and turn them out of doors. Fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, are all very well as long as long as they can be of use. When they cease to be so, they are incumbrances, of which the well-versed dame soon manages to get rid.

The great aim of a worldly woman is to assume an easy, good-natured, and friendly manner towards those whom she has long looked down upon and insulted, when she happens to find they can be of use to her. In ten minutes her apparent candour and warm-heartedness have eradicated the sting her former unkindness had inflicted. Again, her dupe believes, and confides in her sincerity, gives up the point which the designing female is anxious to gain, and is once more, this point acquired, treated with scorn by her who was only amiable for a while, in order to effect her purpose.

Avarice is a sure concomitant with a knowledge of the world. The far-seeing female is always preparing for a winter's day. While young and handsome, she can gain much by lending on dainties by artful smiles, and implied encouragement; but well she knows a time must come when these dangles will fall away. To lay up a store against these chances is, consequently, her every-day aim.

It would take too much time to study deeply any question; practical knowledge is all she wants. It is true, she intersperses her conversation with foreign quotations; a few sentences of this kind (thanks to Maunders' "Treasury of Knowledge," and similar works,) are easily acquired. If she is to meet a Baron Rothschild at dinner, she learns from the Morning Post the price of the funds by heart. If she is to sit next to an admiral, she spells over the engagements he has borne a part in, and delights him by her seeming extraordinary knowledge of nautical events. He little dreams that she has acquired all this information from three pages of James's "Naval History." Napier tells her the feats of the generals she is likely to talk to; while the morning journals fill up the rest of her stock of knowledge.

In society she is gay, apparently artless, deferential, and agreeable; at home she is stingy, cross, seemingly fatigued, and slovenly. There are, however, so many classes of this character, that I shall here conclude my paper, only warning you rather to take a serpent to your bosom than make a friend of a "woman of the world."

SOUTHEY'S CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

So great was the reputation which Cromwell obtained abroad by his prodigious elevation, the lofty tone of his government, and the vigor of his arms, that an Asiatic Jew is said to have come to England for the purpose of investigating his pedigree, thinking to discover in him the lion of the tribe of Judah! Some of his own most faithful adherents regarded him with little less veneration. Their warm attachment, and the more doubtful devotion of a set of enthusiastic preachers, drugged the atmosphere in which he breathed; and yet, while his bodily health continued, the natural strength of his understanding prevailed over the deleterious influence, and he saw things calmly, clearly, and sorrowfully as they were. Shakspeare himself has not imagined a more dramatic situation than that in which Cromwell stood. He had attained to the possession of sovereign power, by means little less guilty than *Macbeth*, but the process had neither hardened his heart, nor made him desperate in guilt. His mind had expanded with his fortune. As he advanced in his career, he gradually discovered how mistaken he had been in the principles upon which he had set out; and, after having effected the overthrow of the church, the nobles,

and the throne, he became convinced by what experience (the surest of all teachers) had shown him that episcopacy, nobility, and monarchy were institutions good in themselves, and necessary for this nation in which they had so long been established. Pain would he have repaired the evil which he had done; pain would he have restored the monarchy, created a House of Peers, and re-established the Episcopal Church. But he was thwarted and overruled by the very instruments which he had hitherto used; men whom he had formerly possessed with his own passionate errors, and whom he was not able to dispossess: persons incapable of deriving wisdom from experience, and so short-sighted as not to see that their own lives and fortunes depended upon the establishment of his power by the only means which could render it stable and secure. Standing in fear of them, he dared not take the crown himself; and he could not confer it upon the rightful heir:—by the murder of Charles, he had incapacitated himself from making that reparation which would otherwise have been in his power. His wife, who was not elated with prosperity, advised him to make terms with the exiled king, and restore him to the throne; his melancholy answer was, "Charles Stuart can never forgive me his father's death; and, if he could, he is unworthy the crown." He answered to the same effect, when the same thing was twice proposed to him, with the condition that Charles should marry one of his daughters. What would not Cromwell have given, whether he looked to this world or the next, if his hands had been clear of the king's blood!

Such was the state of Cromwell's mind during the latter years of his life, when he was lord of these three kingdoms, and indisputably the most powerful potentate in Europe, and as certainly the greatest man of an age in which the race of great men was not extinct in any country. No man was so worthy of the station which he filled, had it not been for the means by which he reached it. He would have governed constitutionally, mildly, mercifully, liberally, if he could have followed the impulses of his own heart, and the wishes of his better mind; self preservation compelled him to a severe and suspicious system: he was reduced at last to govern without a Parliament, because, pack them and purge them as he might, all that he summoned proved unmanageable; and, because he was an usurper, he became of necessity a despot. The very saints, in whose eyes he had been so precious, now called him an "ugly tyrant," and engaged against him in more desperate plots than were formed by the royalists. He lived in perpetual danger and in perpetual fear. When he went abroad he was surrounded by his guards. It was never known which way he was going till he was in the coach; he seldom returned by the same way he went; he wore armour under his clothes, and hardly ever slept two nights successively in one chamber. The latter days of Charles, while he looked on to the scaffold, and endured the insolence of Bradshaw and the inhuman aspersions of Cook, were enviable when compared to the close of Cromwell's life. Charles had that peace within which passeth all understanding; the one great sin which he had committed in sacrificing Strafford had been to him a perpetual cause of sorrow and shame and repentance; he received his own death as a just punishment for that sin under the dispensation of a righteous and unerring Providence; and feeling that it had been expiated, when he bowed his head upon the block, it was in full reliance upon the justice of posterity, and with a sure and certain trust in the mercy of his God. Cromwell had doubts of both. Ludlow tells us that, at his death, "he seemed, above all, concerned for the reproaches, he said, men would cast upon his name in trampling upon his ashes when dead!" And the last same feeling of religion which he expressed implied a like misgiving concerning his condition in the world on which he was about to enter—it was a question to one of his fanatical preachers, "If the doctrine were true, that the elect could never finally fall!" Upon receiving a reply, that nothing could be more certain, "Then am I safe," he said, "for I am sure that once I was in a state of grace." The spiritual draughts which were then administered to him in strong doses acted powerfully upon a mind debilitated by long disease and disposed by the nature of that disease to delirium. He assured his physicians, as the presumptuous fanatics by whom he was surrounded assured him, that he should not die, whatever they might think from the symptoms of his disorder, for God was far above nature, and God had promised his recovery. Thanks were publicly given for the undoubted pledges of his recovery, which God had vouchsafed! and some of his last words were those of a mediator rather than a sinner, praying for the people, as if his own merits entitled him to be an intercessor. Even his death did not dissipate the delusion. When that news was brought to those who were met together to pray for him, "Mr. Storry stood up and desired them not to be troubled: for," said he, "this is good news: because, if he was of great use to the people of God when he was amongst us, now he will be much more so, being ascended to heaven to sit at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us on all occasions!"

The life of this most fortunate and least flagitious of usurpers might hold out a salutary lesson for men possessed with a like ambition, if such men were capable of learning good as well as evil lessons from the experience of others. He gained three kingdoms; the price which he paid for them was innocence and peace of mind. He left an imperishable name, so stained with reproach that, notwithstanding the redeeming virtues which adorned him, it were better for him to be forgotten than to be so remembered. And in the world to come—but it is not for us to anticipate the judgments, still less to limit the mercy, of the All-Merciful.

Let us repeat that there is no portion of history in which it so much behoves an Englishman to be thoroughly versed as in that of Cromwell's age. There it may be seen to what desperate lengths men of good hearts and laudable intentions may be drawn by faction. There may be seen the rise, and the progress, and the consequences of rebellion. There are to be found the highest examples of true patriotism, sound principles, and heroic virtue, with some alloy of haughtiness in Strafford, of human infirmities in Laud, pure and unsullied in Falkland and Capel, and Newcastle, and in Clarendon, the wisest and the best of English statesmen, the most authentic, the most candid, the most instructive of English historians. From the history of that age, and more especially from that excellent writer, the young and ingenious may derive and confirm a just, and generous, and ennobling love for the institutions of their country, founded upon the best feelings and surest principles; and the good and the thoughtful of all ages will feel in the perusal with what reason that petition is inserted in the Litany wherein we pray the Lord to deliver us "from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion: from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism: from hardness of heart, and contempt of his word and commandments"—sins which draw after them, in certain and inevitable consequence, the heaviest of all chastisements upon a guilty nation.

The Emperor of Russia has given orders to send a certain number of students to Germany, Sicily, Italy, France, and England, to complete their education, so as to be properly qualified to act as professors of colleges in Russia.

FOUR YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.—NO. III.

BY A FIELD OFFICER.

She, like all the rest of the womankind, was uplifting her voice, and for want of some one else to vent her misery upon, was pouring forth, mid her tears, a volley of abuse upon her good natured helpmate, whilst he, turning to us, and placing himself in a theatrical attitude, exclaimed aloud, "Ay, there she sits like patience, and although not on a monument, but a mule's back, between two sacks of corn, yet see, how she is smiling and mocking at grief." This speech, in such a situation, was irresistible, and we absolutely roared with laughter, to the still greater annoyance of the old dame. We, however, helped him to pacify her, and they proceeded on their journey, never, (I trust) to be obliged to sally forth on such a night again. But all our toils were now over for some time, and delighted were we to sit down and be at rest for a few months; even in the miserable hovels which a village in the north of Portugal afforded. We were sheltered from wind and rain, at any rate, and knew that we were settled until the beginning of spring; and until that period arrived we had nothing to do but to eat, drink, and make ourselves as merry and comfortable as we could. Walking, riding, and coursing, were our amusements by day, and over some wine and bad cigars we contrived to laugh away the time at night—our only annoyance an occasional forage party across the Estrella mountain for provender for the animals; these excursions lasted three or four days, and as there never was more than one officer to each party they were rather stupid and solitary affairs. Occasionally we were resisted by the peasantry, who were naturally annoyed at our taking away their property, (though they were always paid for it,) and frequently hid themselves behind hedges and fired at us; these shots were never returned by us, and as, by good luck, they never hit any body, the men were easily restrained, which could not have been accomplished had any of their shots taken effect. These, however, were trifling ills, and only served to give a zest to our return amongst our friends and companions.

Our General, Lord Dalhousie, was beloved by us all; his Staff were amiable and gentlemanlike men, and as he was quartered in our village, it added not a little to the agreeableness of the place. About this time a disagreeable circumstance occurred in the Army, tending to make our Commander-in-Chief unpopular, though he no doubt acted then, as he always did upon every occasion, from a firm conviction that he was doing his duty. An officer of the Guards was coming up from Lisbon with a detachment commanded by a Captain of my own regiment; and I have frequently heard the story from an officer of the party. One night, in a small village, their horses were all in one stable with a sentinel over the door; from some cause a crowd gathered round this stable, with the view, as the officer and the sentry both imagined, of stealing the horses. Under this supposition the officer ordered him to fire to disperse them, and, unfortunately, a fine young peasant was shot through the heart. The young Guardsman was, if possible, more distressed than even his parents, into whose house their son's corpse was conveyed. The sentry had been ordered to fire as the only means of preventing robbery, but the idea of killing any one was as distressing as it was unexpected to him. When it was reported to Lord Wellington, it is said that he was angry, and directed the officer to be given up to the Portuguese authorities to take his trial. He, it is believed, appealed to the British Ambassador, as a British subject; however, be it as it may, he was finally tried by a general court-martial and honourably acquitted. It must be confessed that at times we treated our Portuguese allies a little roughly, and scenes occurred for which Lord Wellington, whenever they came to his ears, punished us most severely; for, like school-boys, we sometimes, out of mere wantonness, teased and tormented the civilians in a very unjustifiable manner; and officers occasionally permitted themselves to be provoked into the commission of acts which, had they been reported to Lord Wellington, would have cost them their commissions.

An occurrence of this kind took place with a detachment on its march up from Lisbon, the officer in command of it halting one evening at a small Portuguese village, and not liking the appearance of it, was persuaded by its Joes da Fora, or head magistrate, that the next one on the road was much larger and better, and only one short league in advance. Though much fatigued with a long and fatiguing day's march, the advance was sounded, and on the tired soldiers proceeded, taking with them as guide, though sorely against his inclination, the Joes. After marching a long, long Portuguese league, they reached this promised spot; but great was their consternation to find it much smaller and more miserable-looking than the one they had left behind. The luckless Portuguese tried to make his escape, but in vain, and the exasperated commanding officer actually ordered him to be tied to a tree, and a good sound flogging to be inflicted upon him, and which was accordingly carried into effect, to the great delight and amusement of the whole detachment. Their own troops, however, always behaved worse than the British. Lord Wellington, both from motives of strict justice and from policy, ever repressed as much as possible such conduct, and though we then thought him severe, and much too ready to listen to the complaints of the Portuguese, yet, had he not done so, what a lawless banditti the army would speedily have degenerated into. Many a wicked and lawless prank can I now remember to have played off with all the cry of mischief upon the unfortunate natives. "To the devil with you, and cry brooms!" was the exclamation of a thoughtless Irishman to a Portuguese woman, who was endeavouring to make him understand the impropriety of knocking down and devouring her fruit; and when she became louder and more furious in her remonstrances, his reply was, "Faith, my good woman, devil a word do I understand: why don't you spake English?" After we had eaten our fill, however, we consoled her by paying double the value of what we had taken. These were but the minor miseries of war, though we frequently took by force what they would not sell, yet we always paid justly and honourably for everything; hunger and stern necessity were our excuses, for although I confess that we were at times unjust, we were never mercenary or cruel.

Spring now approached, and our idleness was soon to terminate, and ever glad and delighted with novelty and change, the order to advance and again take the field was hailed with the most unfeigned pleasure by all. Recruited by rest and winter quarters, the miseries and annoyances of the Burgos retreat were forgotten, and with the merry month of May again came hopes of victory, new scenes, new pleasures, and the sanguine and almost certain idea of driving the French out of Spain. Our division moved with the main body to make a detour, and, by crossing the Douro in Portugal, oblige the French to abandon the strong position they had occupied the preceding year behind that river. The country through which we passed was entirely new to us; this year we had tents, and thus in a delightful climate, beautiful weather, and lovely scenery we had nothing to wish for. Our marches were short and easy previous to crossing the Douro, and our encampments at night more resembled parties of pleasure than the advance and halts of armies moving on to the shock and clash of deadly conflicts.

Nothing of much interest or the slightest note occurred until our arrival on the banks of the Esia, a river flowing into the Douro. It was not exactly known what force the enemy had on the other side, consequently the light corps, to which I belonged, with the Brunswick Oels, the hussar brigade, and a troop of horse artillery, were ordered to cross at a supposed ford, to cover and protect the laying down of a pontoon bridge, and I must confess that when in the dusk of early dawn we came down to the bank of a broad rapid river, looking awfully deep and terrific in the morning's gloom, my sensations were anything but agreeable. The men were ordered to place their pouches on their heads, and each soldier to hold the stirrup of a dragoon, who, keeping on the upper side of the current, was thus in some measure to break its force. Thus arranged with beating heart, I entered the stream, and with some difficulty contrived to get across the first part; for fording at a spot where it formed two islands in its centre, I thought, on my arrival at the first of these, that all was over, and congratulated myself on my safety: what was then my despair at seeing another deep and broad channel before me. I stood irresolute for a few moments, the troops were still moving on; several of the men and some horses by this time were carried away by the stream, and were struggling in vain to save themselves from drowning. Whilst thus hesitating, some shots were fired on the opposite side by those who had crossed; and thinking that my regiment was engaged, and ashamed to remain behind, I seized hold of a dragoon's stirrup, and rushed into the water, but in vain; for in less than a second I was swept off my legs, and found myself laid hold of by two drowning Brunswickers, who in their agony caught at me, and thus rendered all my struggles to save myself unavailable. After disappearing under water, and coming up several times, I gave myself up for lost, when one of the 15th Hussars plunged in after me, exclaiming, as I was afterwards told, "By G—, the fine boy shall not be drowned if I can save him." He reached me just in time to save my life, and grasping my collar, dragged me to the shore; there, in a short time, with the assistance of some rum, which an Irish Corporal of my own regiment poured down my throat, I speedily recovered. The noble fellow who, under God, saved my life, after rescuing several others, fell a victim to his own intrepidity, and was drowned by his horse falling backwards as he attempted to climb up the banks of the river. Under Divine Providence, I owe life to the 15th Hussars, and a debt of gratitude to the best and bravest hussar regiment in the British Army.

The enemy had only a small piquet of cavalry here, who, it is said, drunk and unable to escape, were yet rash enough to refuse to surrender, and were in consequence nearly all cut to pieces. The next day we moved forward to Zamora, which the French had evacuated, and after halting in its neighbourhood for twenty-four hours we pushed on with the rest of the army, learning on our route the pleasing intelligence of the abandonment and blowing-up of the castle of Burgos, and that the French were everywhere in full retreat, with the idea, as was supposed, of concentrating their forces at some given point, to try one good stout tussle with us for the Peninsula.

We crossed the Ebro somewhere in the neighbourhood of Miranda, but without risk or danger of any kind, and nothing worthy of remark occurred, save the excessive beauty of the scenery. After passing we halted in a green meadow, with fields of ripening corn on all sides; behind us was the dark clear stream of the river, winding between over-hanging cliffs, whose summits were covered and thickly clothed with trees, whilst troops, still winding down the opposite bank, and crossing at the ford to join the divisions on this side, whose tents, with their regular canvas streets, were now to be seen, far as the eye could reach, swarming with soldiers, and the blue smoke of our innumerable fires curling away to the skies, all combined to render this one of the most beautiful and enchanting scenes eye ever beheld, and on which I gazed, young as I then was, with delight; and now that time has added to the pleasure which beautiful mountain scenery must always impart, I still retain the memory of that land of romance, with a freshness of enthusiasm for which I can account in no other manner, save that I was then at the only period of life when we enjoy the present without alloy, and Hope decks the future in her brightest garb.

We were now drawing near to the spot where the last struggle for the possession of the Peninsula was to take place, and we continued our march without an incident of any particular note to break in upon its daily routine until the morning of the glorious victory of Vittoria. At daybreak of that famous morn we struck our tents as usual, formed the line of march, and, although the night had poured with rain, and there had been heavy thunder, we began our journey with very fine weather. We had not proceeded above two or three miles when we heard that the enemy were in position somewhere in front, and it was rumoured that we might expect an immediate action. That day the division marched left in front, and our brigade was consequently the rear one; but an Aide-de-Camp came galloping up, with orders for us to leave the division, and strike into a road leading through a wood to the right. We had not yet heard a shot, or seen anything indicating the vicinity of a foe, when suddenly the deep heavy roar of a single cannon came booming through the air, then another and another. Till this moment the men had been marching in the most perfect silence, but an instantaneous and simultaneous buzz of voices burst forth; they were in a moment all life and animation, and apparently eager to be in the midst of the now continuous roar of cannon, mingled with a sharp crackling fire of musketry, evidently not far from us. We halted for a moment; some one wanted Colonel Grant, of the 82nd, who commanded the brigade, to get a guide. The answer was worthy of the brave old fellow that made it, "Guide! I want no guide; the fire is guide enough for us." The bugles sounded the advance, we soon cleared the wood, and the scene of battle, to which we were hurrying with rapid pace, lay right before us. The beautiful city of Vittoria, of which we could but just discern the spires, was in our front, and a little to the right the position of the enemy discovered itself by the dark heavy masses of men seen in columns here and there, with the villages on their right and left, so strongly contested during the day. Our post, the centre of the army, was at this moment occupied by the gallant Picton and his brave division. It was a cheering and beautiful sight. The sun shone out upon a brigade of these troops, advancing in line with their colours displayed, covered by their skirmishers. Ourselves in the background, issuing in close column from the dark wood behind, now rapidly deploying into line under a battery of guns on an eminence, and which fired over our heads as we then advanced. Crossing the Zadora river, we soon found ourselves in line with General Colville's brigade of the 3rd division, under the heaviest fire of cannon I ever remember. Round shot, grape, and howitzer-shells soon began to tell amongst us; we were so close that we could see the mustachios of the French artillerymen as the smoke cleared away after every discharge of cannon.

Under this tremendous fire the brigade suffered; the gallant veteran that commanded it was struck to the earth; he rode a white horse, and placing himself in front of the colours of the 82nd, his cocked hat square to the front,

his drawn sword in his hand, he was an object not easily to be missed. Nor can I easily forget my own commanding officer that day, with the bridle of old Bob on the stump of an arm that had been left on the battle field of Lugo, and his sword in the other, the fine old soldier laughed, cheered, and encouraged the men, who were galled and impatient at being obliged to remain so long stationary under this heavy cannonade, though they were commanded to lie down. At length the word was given, "Up, soldiers; steady," and in an instant we expected to be in close contact with a very heavy mass of French infantry, about a hundred and fifty yards off, their drums beating the *pas de charge* as they advanced to attack us. They were at least five times our numbers, and the collision would have been tremendous, when they were suddenly halted, we saw an officer ride up, and upon his giving some order they immediately wheeled about, threw out a cloud of skirmishers, and off they went. The artillerymen now left their guns, and the enemy giving way in every direction, we rapidly pushed forward in pursuit, and soon found that both their flanks had been turned, thus accounting for the sudden and rapid retreat of the centre, with which we had been engaged, and giving us the most complete victory we had yet achieved in the Peninsula.

This was the *coup de grace* to the French invasion of that beautiful country, and here, by the capture of all their baggage, we made them disgorge the plunder of years: cannon, military stores the chest, all were taken; tumbrils, guns, were everywhere upset, mules and horses loose and galloping over the field, and every one at full liberty to help himself. Never was there such a rout. My share of all this spoil was a hard biscuit and a Portugal onion, off which, when we halted at night I made a most luxurious meal. I was too tired to have stirred a step for the wealth of the Indies; and the sound sleep of health and youth, after such a day of toil, soon plunged me into forgetfulness of its busy scenes.

Next morning the bivouac presented an extraordinary sight; our soldiers decked out as if for a masquerade, some in uniforms of French officers, others in rich silk female dresses, the clink of dollars, sight of silver forks, cups, spoons, condesticks, told they had not been idly employed, or neglected to make the most use of their time. I never before saw such a careless and profuse display of dollars and wealth; the men literally flung them about like pebbles; and for days afterwards have I been amused with the insolent air of lordly idleness that I have often heard a soldier assume whilst lolling on the grass, and saying to another, "Jack, I'll give you a dollar if you'll go and fill my canteen with water," when the stream was, perhaps, not three yards from him. One could only laugh at the brave fellows, who had hardly earned their spoil; though to many it proved fatal prey, since it produced so many scenes of drunkenness that many severe examples were obliged to be made. But great, indeed, were the consequences of this victory; by it English hearts and English perseverance had, under God, achieved the deliverance of the Peninsula. We had driven the conquerors of Europe before us, and made the first officers and soldiers bow before the genius of one who, well knowing how to wield that powerful machine,—the valour of British troops had taught the world that the ocean was not the only element on which the sons of Albion were invincible.

This was a fact that even Englishmen had doubted; and it remained for Wellington to show that we were as unconquerable on the dry land as we had ever been "on the glad waters of the dark blue sea." The day after the battle we moved forwards in pursuit of the retreating foe. Our first halt was in the neighbourhood of Pamplona, the capital of Navarre, in which the French had left a strong garrison. We were now approaching that beautiful and formidable barrier, the Pyrenees; and for the first time in my life I gazed on truly magnificent mountain scenery. On the summits of the lofty mountains before us, and mid their lovely valleys and lonely glens, we were to sojourn for months, their solitude was to be awakened into life by the roar of cannon, and to be the theatre of sanguinary and almost daily conflicts; for we were now nearing the sacred soil of France, for years untrodden by a foe, and every inch of ground was to be hardily disputed and dearly won. Frenchmen were now to fight, not for conquest alone, but for their altars and their fire-sides, and well we knew these gallant fellows would do battle for them.

The first position we took up on the Pyrenees was in the neighbourhood of Echellarr, and on the heights above it, immediately in front of our encampment, was a large table-mountain, from the summit of which was to be seen the whole range of the lower Pyrenees, where the French army was posted. They were most beautifully hotted; but these huts, of the colour of the woods, we could scarce discern: and the beautiful valleys of France, as we looked down upon them for the first time from these nests of the eagle, appeared studded with white villas, and thickly covered with towns and villages far as the eye could reach. Lovely and serene as was this view when first I gazed upon it after clambering up this mountain early one summer's morn, full well I knew that many a head must be pillowed in death upon the green sod, and many a murderous struggle must ensue, ere we could enjoy the scenery that lay so smilingly before us.

In this encampment we remained unmolested until the morning of the 25th July, on which day the French attacked our right. Soult having joined, was determined to try and retrieve the errors, as he termed them, of his predecessor, and moving a large force to his left, bore down in great numbers this day on Hill's division, our extreme right. About two o'clock, we were ordered to strike tents and stand to our arms, and the sound of a heavy fire of musketry to the right soon led us into the secret. The Pass of Maya was about three miles from us, and towards evening we had a beautiful sight of the contest now raging there. Our troops, overwhelmed and pushed by numbers, fought with the most desperate bravery, and contested the ground literally inch by inch; part of the 2nd division, for four hours, held a small spot of ground against twenty times their own numbers. On the top of the Maya Mountain was a huge rock, somewhat like a natural citadel, occupied by two companies of the 82nd, who, when their ammunition failed, hurled down stones on the French, and kept them at bay. As the dusk grew on, we could see the enemy spreading round the base of the mountain, which was quite lit up with the flashes of musketry, and resembled the fire-flies, as I have since seen them in the West Indies, by thousands, gleaming at night on the dark mountain-sides, and lighting up the valleys.

The scene was now quite beautiful, and, to us, intensely interesting, expecting, as we did, every moment to be moved into it. Just before dark, we saw a splendid charge made by a battalion freshly brought up; this, we heard next morning, was the 6th Regiment, headed by General Barnes. After this, the fire gradually slackened, and when it grew quite dark, entirely ceased. During the night, the regiment received orders to move in the direction of Pamplona, as Soult was pushing the right to try and relieve that fortress. We were not engaged until the 30th, when Lord Wellington, who, with the 4th and 6th divisions, had given the enemy a terrible check on the 28th, and was now consequently about to act again upon the offensive, and so make Soult retrace his

steps, sent orders for our division at daylight to attack a hill immediately in our front; we were put in motion just as the sun rose, dispersing the mists of a summer's morn, and the scene that gradually developed itself, as the vapours slowly rolled away their white masses from amongst these beautiful mountains, was truly magnificent. About a mile to our left, the 82d and Chasseurs Britanniques were to be seen in line, with their colours displayed, and the sun glittering upon their bright bayonets, advancing gallantly up the face of the hill, with the 68th, in extended order, covering their front; behind them, again, were the dark columns of the Portuguese Brigade. We were now moving in line right up the steepest part, but, as yet, had not come in contact with the enemy; on our right, the 4th and 6th divisions were already smartly engaged, and we could hear the long and continued roll of musketry, mingled with the loud and inspiring cheer of the British soldier in action. On reaching the summit, the scene was still more interesting; here it was beautifully wooded, and on a little romantic knoll, about a hundred yards in our front, the French, in great force, were strongly contesting the ground with a regiment of Portuguese *Caçadores*, who were in vain trying to make head against them; their wounded were coming to the rear in great numbers, and as we moved rapidly up to support and relieve them, they received us with loud and animated cheers; what the *Caçadores* had failed in doing, we soon effected, and driving the enemy from this post, we were hotly and smartly engaged for about four hours. The day was intensely warm, not a drop of water was to be had, though a beautiful river was running in the valley beneath, the sight of which not a little increased and aggravated our thirst. Along the banks of this stream, the French were retreating, in close combat with the 4th division, whilst we were endeavouring to drive those in our front down into the valley, on the flanks of the others. Towards evening, we were successful on all points, and when we reached the river, the draught I then drank was the sweetest and longest I ever had in my life.

We halted that night upon its banks, and at daylight next morning the bugles again started us in pursuit. This day we marched through a beautiful valley, and passed a bivouac of the French in the neighbourhood of a village, which could well have dispensed with such visitors; it was strewn with doors, tables, chairs, &c., which they had plundered to make themselves comfortable. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, the sight of a French column winding up the Pass in our front, gave us intelligence that this day was not to pass off so comfortably and peacefully as we imagined. A halt was ordered, and a Staff Officer riding up, ordered our Commanding Officer to move on his regiment in extended order to engage, but not to push the rear-guard of the French moving up the hill; this order was instantly obeyed, and we speedily found ourselves briskly engaged, without pressing them, however, in the least. Presently, however, another Staff Officer rode up, and in a sharp tone of voice ordered our Colonel to advance; he replied that he was obeying his orders; the other angrily repeated the order to advance; the Commanding Officer demanded to know if it was the command of Earl Dalhousie; the answer was, again, "I order you to advance." "Then, Sir, that order I obey," replied the brave old fellow, "but no other from you under such circumstances would I;" and, turning to a Bugler, desired him to sound the advance in double time; the men loudly cheered as the sound was instantly taken up by bugles in every direction, and pushing on, we soon had hot and peppery work indeed; for, as the enemy were in great force, the leaden-shower came down pretty smartly amongst us. We, however, continued to gain ground, but were speedily obliged to be reinforced by regiment after regiment, until the whole brigade became warmly engaged, and we then rapidly pushed the French up the Pass, although they fought well, and more than once drove the skirmishers back. On a hill to our left, and parallel with us, the 2d division were moving, also engaged; but as we were a little in advance, which, from the ground being so well and thickly wooded, they could not see, and, moreover, from our being so closely mingled with the French, they flanked us at one time with their fire, and caused us to lose more men than we otherwise should. Towards night, the main body of the French having got off, we halted, and retired to the bottom of the Pass for the night.

In the midst of the action, the General commanding the division came up and censured our chief for advancing so rapidly; but on his replying that he had only obeyed orders, he turned to the Staff Officer who had given them, and told him that he had sacrificed the lives of a great many brave men. It is supposed that, had it not been for our precipitate advance, the 2d division would have got in the rear of the French, and we should perhaps have captured seven or eight thousand men. But our pushing them so hard hastened their retreat, and thus defeated this manoeuvre.

Next day, the 1st of August, the anniversary of the battle of Minden, the regiment, as one of those who were engaged on that glorious day, in compliance with an old custom of the corps, placed laurels in our caps, and, as we passed the several regiments of the division, early in the morning, with our band playing the air of the 1st of August, they each saluted us with three cheers, their bands striking up at the moment the same lively air. The day was a splendid one, and in high spirits we moved up the road, over which we had fought the previous day, and by which the French had retired, halting that night in the neighbourhood of St. Estevan, a beautiful little town embosomed in mountains, whose sides were smiling with the highest possible state of cultivation, and fields of wheat, barley, and Indian corn, mingling their rich tints together, and chequering the scene around, with gardens and orchards, and thus forming one of the loveliest valleys I almost ever saw. From this Eden, at day-break, on the 2d, the bugles sounded for our departure, and taking guides, we moved by a steep path across the mountains, to take up our old ground near the village of Echellar.

In the midst of this march, and whilst on the summit of one of these mountains, there came on so dense a fog, that we literally could not see two feet before us, and were obliged to halt for some time; our mortification greatly increased by hearing a tremendous and incessant fire of musketry, which we knew must proceed from part of our own division engaged with the enemy, and in which this fog rendered it impossible for us to take any part. On its clearing away, we moved rapidly forward, and found that General Barnes's Brigade (24th, 58th, 6th, and Brunswick Oels) had come up with two French divisions, which that gallant officer instantly attacked, and continued to engage, and actually drove back; and this brave brigade, confiding in their invincibility and the fine fellow at their head, continued to push on, unsupported, for several hours; their loss was consequently tremendous, though well were they rewarded by the splendid compliment paid them that evening by Lord Wellington himself, who declared it "the finest, the most gallant thing, he ever witnessed."

Those were spirit-stirring days indeed; and although it may perhaps be wrong to say so, yet what has life to offer now that can compare with them? How tame, how stupid, how insipid, does all the monotony of the daily routine of

drills, peace-guards, and dress-parades, which now fill up and fritter away our time, appear to them whose lives for years were passed in camps, living in the open air, seeing the glorious sun rise every day, or watching, by the picket-fire at night, the beautiful stars, their minds elevated by the thought that they were doing their duty to their country, that the eyes of all Europe were upon their slightest movements, their hearts beating with enthusiasm, as victory followed victory; and if death sometimes came in the midst of all this, its sting was scarcely felt, since the soldier's soul winged its flight to Heaven mid the roar of cannon, the blaze of musketry, and the victorious cheers of his gallant comrades.

The whole period of our stay amongst these mountains was delightful, each encampment was, if possible, more beautiful than the last, and at this season of the year, our gipsy life, passed mid the grandest and most lovely scenery, and under bright suns and cloudless skies, was one which could not be otherwise than agreeable.

During the greater part of this month, we were permitted to be idle, and passed our time in rambling over the hills in search of amusement, our friends, the French, evidently as glad to have a little respite from hard knocks as ourselves, one incident (and that of a most melancholy kind) alone breaking in upon its monotony; and as it was one of the very few military executions I was present at during a long military life, and, at the same time, one which affected me most deeply at the period from the sad interest it excited in my own corps, I will relate it:—A Sergeant of the regiment, who had been badly wounded at Vittoria, was coming up from the rear to join us, with a detachment commanded by an officer of some other corps; this Sergeant happening one night to sleep in the same room with a private of the regiment who that night missed a considerable sum of money, which, according to his own account, he had about his person when he lay down, and suspecting the Sergeant, went direct to the officer, and accused him of theft. This officer, in a thoughtless and inconsiderate manner, collared the Sergeant, exclaiming at the same moment, "You d—d thief, give up the money you have stolen." His indignant and immediate reply was, "Sir, I am no thief;" and shaking himself from the officer's grasp, and raising his hand, unintentionally struck him to the ground; for this he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced eventually to be shot; and from the circumstance of a great many insubordinate acts occurring about this time, Lord Wellington ordered the sentence to be carried into effect, in the presence of our brigade. The unfortunate man was not told that he was to die until the clergyman went to the guard-tent to prepare him for his fate, and the bugles at that moment were sounding for the last parade at which he was ever to be present with those comrades in whose company he had so often and so gallantly faced death in the battle-field; their notes sounded mournfully enough in all our ears, for he was a general favourite, and his sentence excited universal commiseration. The square of three sides were formed; the prisoner, pale, but with a firm step and collected manner, moved in between a file of soldiers; the platoon that was to speed his death-peak stood ready in the open space, the grave that was to receive his body open before them. The column was called to attention, the sentence was read, the Sergeant then stepped up to the General, and respectfully touching his cap, asked leave to speak to one of the men, and to say a few farewell words to his regiment; his request was instantly granted, the soldier called out, whom he shook affectionately by the hand, bequeathing to him whatever he left behind; he then turned towards us, and said with a loud voice, "51st, good bye, God bless you all; I have only one regret, that I did not die in your ranks on the field of battle, instead of here like a dog. I forgive all my enemies; I forgive the officer who prosecuted me, and even the man who accused me of theft, though I leave him to his own conscience; and now, 51st, again and again, God Almighty bless you all; the bitterest pang of death is leaving you." He stopped, and again touching his cap to the General, "Now, Sir, I am ready." The sob that simultaneously came from our ranks was one overwhelming burst of feeling not to be restrained; there was not a dry eye in the corps, either in officer or man, and even now, at this distant period of time, I cannot write or think of it unmoved. The stern laws of military discipline kept the men in their places, but "God bless you! God bless you!" could not be repressed. The scene, by some oversight, was prolonged, for the men had not loaded previous to coming into the square, and consequently, after he had knelt down, he was obliged to hear the ringing of the rain-rods as they rammed down the balls. His last words were, "Make haste, comrades—for God's sake, make haste!" and all his sufferings were soon over, and his soul sped swiftly to the presence of that awful tribunal where we most assuredly know that justice and mercy ever meet together.

But let me turn to more animating scenes in the soldier's life, and again mingle in the honourable strife with our gallant foes, the French, who were once more on the alert, and preparing to give us work. On the 30th of August we received an order to move to the left, in the direction of Lesaca; and next morning occupied a position in front of that village. The French coming on in great force to attempt the relief of St. Sebastian, we soon found ourselves in close and sharp conflict with an overwhelming body of men. They obliged us at first to give a little ground, but a gallant charge made by two or three of our companies, headed by most of the officers, drove them back in beautiful style, although our loss both in officers and men was very considerable. Here fell some of the best and bravest of the corps. The enemy were also repulsed by the troops on our left, and the Spaniards on this occasion showed great steadiness and bravery.

At nightfall we kept our position; still the ground originally occupied by our advanced skirmishers was in possession of the French, and some of our wounded, who had been left behind, were most kindly treated by them. We had been engaged with the 51st French Regt., and pointing to our number in their caps, they said they all belonged to the same regiment, and that our men should fare as their comrades. They fed them, dressed their wounds; nay, they did not even plunder their packs, and in the morning we found these soldiers whom the French, owing to their wounds, could not take away with them in their retreat, all speaking in the highest terms of the treatment they had received. This is the real chivalry of modern warfare, and robs it of half its horrors; but in the times about which I now write, the French and English soldier had no feeling of animosity towards each other; they fought bravely in the field, but on pickets they have been known for days to be within musket-shot, the sentinels perhaps separated only by a ditch, yet not a shot was ever fired except at the proper time. They knew how useless it was to harass each other for nothing, and though they both did their duty in the most vigilant manner, confidence was never abused, and we frequently conversed familiarly with the French officers at the advanced posts with as much feeling of security as in our own tents. One instance I may relate, though not much to the credit of the individual concerned, but to show the gallant bearing and generous conduct of our foes. An officer commanding a picket, supped one night with the French officer in charge of the one opposite his post, and, to his own eternal

di grace, actually got drunk, and was brought back about midnight to his own men on the backs of four unarmed French soldiers, laughing and enjoying the joke most heartily. Well was it for this drunken sot that his regiment was unacquainted with this feat, nor was it known to them till long years after he had been obliged to leave his corps. It is, however, an undoubted fact.

This day, the 31st August, St. Sebastian was stormed by our companions in arms of the 5th division, and all the frightful horrors of a successful assault were endured by its luckless inhabitants: since who can control for a few hours an exasperated soldiery, irritated by a gallant resistance, flushed with conquest, all the worst passions of our nature unchained, murder, lust, and rapine, that will not be checked for a short space by any human effort till these dreadful appetites have been somewhat staked. But it is not extraordinary that the successful soldier, instead of turning his vengeance against the military, who have caused all his loss, no sooner sees his foes prisoners and conquered than all his animosity ceases; and, instead of bayoneting the garrison, he vents his anger on the unoffending inhabitants, whom he accuses of treachery, for sticking, perhaps against their own inclination, to their native place, and thus plunders and murders without remorse the unfortunate beings whose only fault is that they have not stood with arms in their hands, and died at the breach with the foes of their country, instead of remaining to be butchered in their own houses by her allies and friends. At Badajos the French and English soldiers, on the night of the storm, were seen arm in arm together, plundering and carousing the best friends in the world, whilst not an hour previous they had been engaged in the most sanguinary conflict at the fatal breach. An officer of the 3d division told me an anecdote of that dreadful night, a fact of which he was himself the witness, and which I will give as nearly as I can in his own words. Soon after the successful escalade of the castle, and when the whole town was undoubtedly in our possession, his first thought was for the safety of the family upon whom he had been formerly billeted when first quartered there. This family consisted of a venerable old couple, with three lovely daughters: and in whose society my friend said he had passed some of the happiest hours of his life. To save these girls, then, if possible, from insult, and from worse than death itself, he rather flew than ran up the well-known street in which their house was situated, he found it closely barred and bolted, and apparently as yet unopened. He knocked, called loudly for admittance, and the door was at length tremblingly opened. He rushed up stairs, and there, in an upper room, was the whole group assembled. He was instantly recognised, and greeted as their deliverer and protector. At a distance he could hear the shouts and yells of the drunken soldiery, whom he had preceded, and their random shots, fired at any and everything. One beautiful girl (the eldest) was clinging to his arm, her mother, father, and sisters all around, when a band of ruffians, passing through the street, fired a volley at the barred windows, and, horrible to relate, this unfortunate girl received a musket-ball right through the heart, and fell a senseless corpse. I have heard him say that not for the whole world would he again encounter the horror of that moment,—the body at his feet, the expression of mute despair depicted on the aged father's countenance as he leaned over it,—the loud sob and scream of hopeless anguish that burst from the mother's heart, as she kissed her murdered child,—the grief of the whole family,—his own feelings. But such a scene cannot be described; he remained with and protected them several times at the risk of his own life: nor did he leave them till order and discipline were again restored.

MEUM AND TUUM.

One Sabbath morn, in the year 17—, the Octagon Chapel, in the gay and then fashionable city of Bath, was crowded to excess. A collection was to be made at the end of the service, in aid of the funds for supporting the Bridewell charity school. Let it not be supposed that the majority of the congregation assembled for the humane purpose of clothing the bodies of a hundred boys in dowlas shirts and blue coats, or their lower limbs in rhubarb coloured leather garments, and pepper-and-salt worsted hose—no such thing—FASHION that freakish and despotic tyrant, had converted a sacred edifice into a rendezvous of her votaries. A young clergyman, possessing a regular set of features, a complexion in which the lily and the rose were blended, a remarkably fine set of teeth, a profusion of ambrosial curls, delicately shaped hands, a winning tone of voice, and a happy flow of language, had obtained a vast and rapid popularity amongst the female portion of the congregation. The mild doctrines, the mellifluous tones, and the personal appearance of the divine had induced one of his most devoted admirers to call him "The Beauty of Holiness," and by this somewhat profane sobriquet was he known throughout Bath.

And now, having told our readers why so large an assemblage were gathered together, we must beg them to suppose that all have retired home much edified and improved, and that one o'clock on the Monday morning has arrived.

The boys of the Bridewell school were let out for their brief hour of play; some ten or twelve of the youngsters, in a remote corner of the yard, had gathered into a cluster, listening with upraised brows and open mouths, to something strange and wonderful related by a lad named Harry Vowles. The narrator was one of the brightest and best behaved boys of the school, fond of his books, and although not so robust as many of his companions, was usually their leader in all sports and pastimes.

No sooner were the 'tender juveniles' seated in due order upon their forms, than one of the other boys made his way to the desk of the master, and intimated, almost in a whisper, that he had something of vast importance to communicate; he was ordered to ascend the steps, and place himself close to the ear of the ever willing listener. In a few moments, the master, his face flushed with emotion, and his eyes darting angry glances towards the seat which Harry occupied, called out his name in a tone that seemed to prophesy the speedy application of the cane or birch.

"Come hither, you young viper!" he roared, "come hither, you Vowles, I say, and let me hear this cock and a bull story you've invented about what happened yesterday at the Chapel-door."

"There's not a bit of invention in it, sir, no more than anything about either bulls or cocks. I vow and protest that I saw the gentleman who held the plate for the collection take both silver and gold off the salver, and put the money into his waistcoat and small clothes pockets."

"Do you know what you're talking about, you wicked young wretch!" demanded the master. "Why, that was Doctor Mitchell, one of the first physicians of the city—lives in the Circus, and keeps his carriage and a host of servants. Now come, Vowles, confess 'tis a big story, and I'll let you off with a caning; but if you stick to your text, I'll flay you alive!"

"I never told a lie in my life, sir," the boy replied, "and punishment won't force me to do so."

"We'll try that, my fine fellow, by and by. A mighty pretty thing, indeed, for a charity boy like you, to go about taking away the characters of your betters. But—" and here the 'learned and humane' Mr. Murch chuckled at his

being able to institute something like a cross-examination—"but, Vowles, I have a question now to put, which will call upon all your talent as a story-teller to answer. It is this—" and thus saying, he took off his spectacles, wiped both glasses very deliberately with his handkerchief, held them up to the light to ascertain if his operation had been successful, placed them carefully on the bridge of his nose, and then with an air worthy of an Old Bailey practitioner, continued, "Now, boy, we will, for argument's sake, suppose for a moment that such an impossible thing did take place, how could you, from your place in the gallery see what was going on at the door? There I have you at a dead lock!"

Vowles, no way daunted, calmly replied, "I was not in the gallery, sir; the heat was so great that I was forced to get into the air, and stood close to the street: when I heard the congregation coming out, I placed myself behind one of the folding doors, just opposite where the gentleman stood, Dr. Mitchell you call him, and through the slit where the hinges are I saw what I have said, and do say again."

"Oh ho! my young gentleman, have I caught you in your own trap? What, mouching, as well as lying, now you shall smart for it!"

The pedagogue kept his word; poor Harry was severely chastised, and with a swelling heart went home to his widowed mother, to whom he recounted the punishment he had received. The good soul doted on her son, and shed abundance of tears at the recital, but her natural good sense soon admonished her that even dutiful boys will sometimes commit faults, and she strictly questioned Harry on the possibility of his being mistaken as to the abstraction of money from the plate. Nothing could shake his testimony; he never wavered for a moment in his plain, straight forward story. The widow came to the conviction that her child had been most unjustly punished, and wisely concluding that any appeal to Mr. Murch would be unavailing, determined on calling next morning upon one of the most active governors of the Blue Coat School, in the hope that her poor boy's wrongs might be redressed, and the doubt of his veracity removed.

Mrs. Vowles found little difficulty in obtaining audience of the humane gentleman she sought. She told her child's story with a mother's eloquence, and speedily won the good offices of her auditor.

"This is a strange business, a very serious accusation against a person hitherto looked upon as an honest and upright man," observed Sir Walter Gardiner; "it must and shall be strictly investigated. All we can hope, for the credit of human nature, is that, if Doctor Mitchell did put money into his pockets, it was only to make room for other donations, and your boy, not aware of this, regarded the action as dishonest, and, child-like, told the story as he believed it. But Murch was much to blame for punishing the little fellow without making due inquiries;—rely on it he will be strongly censured for outstepping his duty. However, if you will leave the matter in my hands, I may be able to have justice done to all parties concerned; meantime, caution your son to say nothing more about the affair till I give him leave to do so."

The widow curtsied her acquiescence and withdrew.

Two Sundays after the one to which we have already alluded, — chapel was again densely crowded, "The Beauty of Holiness" advocating upon this occasion, the cause of the Female Orphan Asylum. Dr. Mitchell kindly volunteered to take his usual station at the door. When the congregation departed the committee of gentlemen who presided over the institution in whose behalf the sermon had been preached, and the collection made, assembled in the vestry-room to ascertain the amount. The physician placed his quota upon the table with an air of self-satisfaction, observing, "A very handsome donation to-day, I am glad to say; but no wonder after such an eloquent discourse," and he smiled approvingly upon the young clergyman.

The money was counted, the sum made known, and the party were on the eve of departure, when Sir Walter Gardiner gravely inquired of Doctor Mitchell,

"And is that all that you have received?"

"All, to be sure it is, who dares doubt it?"

The interrogatory of the worthy baronet created considerable surprise on the part of all present, and the violent manner in which the reply was made served to increase it. Sir Walter, with great coolness of tone and manner, proceeded,

"You shall know, sir, why I asked you the question. A boy of the Charity school avowed that upon a recent occasion he saw you pocket the money given by the charitable, and for this accusation he has been severely punished."

"I am glad to hear it," interrupted Mitchell; "he ought to have been cut to pieces, the vile slanderer."

"Gentlemen that boy is without, may I crave your leave to bring him before you, he will state what he has seen to-day."

"Oh, you employ spies, I perceive, Sir Walter," said Mitchell, nearly choked with rage; "you shall answer for this conspiracy, depend on it. If there be law or justice left—"

Without heeding the threat, the baronet called Harry Vowles; the little fellow obeyed the summons, and his intelligent and ingenuous countenance afforded a remarkable contrast with the face of the man he was about to confront.

"Now, youngster," said Sir Walter, "if you have seen anything this morning which you think these gentlemen should know, speak out; but remember if you are guilty of the slightest falsehood, your punishment will be terrible."

"But shall I be flogged, as I was before, for telling the truth?" asked Harry.

"Certainly not," replied many present.

With this consolatory assurance, the child proceeded, "That gentleman," pointing to Mitchell, "did the same to-day as he did this day fortnight, he put a vast many pieces of gold into his pockets, particularly on the left side of his waistcoat, for I watched him slip in at least a dozen there."

"You can have no objection," observed one of the committee, "to produce the contents of your pockets, Doctor, and thus set the matter at rest."

"Objection! certainly! Let me see who will presume to lay a hand upon me."

"I will," said Sir Walter; "and if you do not immediately satisfy my doubts, I have a peace-officer in attendance, who will quickly aid me in unmasking a hypocrite and a thief."

"I will no longer listen to such unwarrantable language; let me pass, I say," exclaimed Mitchell. "Detain me, sir, at your peril!" Saying this, he struggled to gain the door, but was there met by one of the mayor's sergeants, who seized him by the arm.

"Before you search that person," said the baronet, "let me apprise all present that, anxious to ascertain the truth of this boy's charge, I provided many

of my friends with half-guineas and seven-shilling pieces, all marked in a similar manner to the one I now produce, requesting that these coins might be given at the collection made to-day."

In vain did the physician struggle with the strong arm of the law—considerable sums in gold and silver were found upon his person, and amongst the former many pieces bearing the precautionary mark placed by Sir Walter. The wretched man was covered with confusion, but still endeavoured to brave the detection of his guilt.

"I demand my liberty,—to-morrow I will lay the case of conspiracy and robbery before the magistrates. You, Sir Walter, are the culprit, and that wretched urchin has been trained to aid you in your attempts to ruin my reputation. But to-morrow my innocence shall be established."

With this bold avowal he rushed from the room, leapt into his carriage, and in a few minutes was set down at the door of his splendid house in the Circus.

The Guildhall at Bath presented an unusual scene on the following morning. Rumour, with her hundreds of tongues, had given nearly as many different versions of the story we have endeavoured to relate. Groups of well-dressed women, for the most part composed of the frequenters of — chapel, pressed forward for admission into the court. Men of all ranks were to be observed crowding round the seat of Justice, and among them a large proportion of "the Faculty," who seemed to take peculiar interest in the charge brought against one of their body. At eleven o'clock, his worship appeared.

The mayor listened attentively to all that Sir Walter had to say, received the corroboration of those present, and promptly issued a warrant for the apprehension of Mitchell.

In a brief period, the constable returned, stating that the house in the Circus was nearly stripped of all its furniture, not a servant to be seen, and the only person to be found upon the premises was old Lazarus, the broker, whose story ran, that, he had been sent for the previous afternoon, and had purchased everything the doctor possessed, including carriage, horses, plate and wine; these he had paid for partly in cash, and the rest in bills of some of "his people" in London, and the bargain concluded, Mitchell left the house leaving no trace by which his course could be ascertained.

"Time rolls on its ceaseless course." A quarter of a century had passed away, and during its progress our recently formed Colony in New South Wales had grown rapidly in extent and importance. An outpost, some thirty miles from Sydney, was under the command of Major Gardiner, of His Majesty's—regiment of infantry.

Returning from his morning's ride, he perceived a mass of people congregated in an open space, in the centre of the town then in progress, and soon ascertained that the crowd had collected to witness a fellow-being, convict though he was, undergo the punishment of whipping. The delinquent was an old man, thin, and emaciated, his scanty locks, silvered by sixty winters, hung round a countenance convulsed with terror, whilst his withered hands made unavailing efforts to disengage himself from the grasp of the provost's assistants; as Gardener approached, the wretched being, in piteous accents, exclaimed,

"Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven save me! I have suffered much, chains and exile I have borne, but oh, spare me from the lash, and I will bless you with my latest breath."

The major inquired of the gaol-keeper what offence the suppliant had committed, and learnt that a Spanish dollar belonging to a fellow-prisoner had been traced to his possession, and as petty thefts were constantly occurring amongst the convicts, he had received instructions to check the evil by summary punishment of the offenders.

"The old fellow," continued the gaoler, "has behaved very well of late years, he was a troublesome customer when he first came out, but that's a long while ago. I haven't had a black mark against Matson since this place was first built upon."

"Enough," said the major, "his past good conduct shall avail him now. Unhappy man," he continued, addressing Matson, "let me hope that the pardon now granted you may not be abused."

Saying this the gallant officer rode off, and had not proceeded many paces when a tall tree, to which both axe and saw had been applied, suddenly fell across his path, and caused his horse to rear and plunge so violently, that the rider was thrown off, and in the fall his head was dashed with considerable violence against a large stone in the way side. The crowd he had just left rushed to the spot, many pronounced him killed, but Matson, forcing his way to the prostrate body of his preserver, implored his companions not to skreen the air from the stunned and senseless frame, desired in almost a tone of authority that water should be brought as quickly as possible, and proceeded to loosen the tightly buttoned regimental coat, take off the stock, chafe the temples, and feeling in vain for pulsation in the region of the heart or at the wrists, he drew forth a lancet-case and opened a vein. This prompt conduct soon restored the major to consciousness: after a brief delay, he was conveyed to his residence. Matson still supporting him, and earnestly beseeching permission to remain in the house till other assistance could be procured. His request was granted, and speedily the grateful old man administered a cooling draught to allay any febrile symptoms, and anxiously watching every change, succeeded, in a few days, in restoring him to comparative health. He now only suffered from the effects of contusion, but his reason resumed her power, and as soon as he was permitted to converse, he hinted his belief that the efficacy of Matson's prescriptions must have resulted from study and practice of the healing art.

"Your surmise is well-founded, sir," replied the old man. "I once moved in the world as a physician in extensive practice. A madness, a disease, I can call it nothing else, tempted me to forget that we are expressly commanded not to steal. Trusted and unsuspected, I had constant opportunities of gratifying this devilish propensity. Detected, I fled the scene of my disgrace, and was ultimately banished for ever from my native land. What I have endured during my exile, I will not pain you by describing. Your timely interference saved me from unmerited degradation. I was not guilty of the crime they charged me with."

"Your story," said the major, "has brought back to my memory an event which happened in my childhood. A medical man in my native city, disgraced his honourable profession. I was the instrument of his detection, and I even now write as I remember the castigation I received for my discovery of the offender."

"Where did this happen?" eagerly inquired Matson.

"In Bath," was the reply.

"But the poor child who suffered for me was named Vowles."

"So was I called in the days of my youth; but on the death of my patron

and friend, Sir Walter Gardiner, I was bequeathed his property on the stipulation that I should assume his name."

"Just Heaven! the punishment you suffered for accusing me, led to your good fortune. The wretched Mitchell still feels, however, that he was the cause of unmerited chastisement. Can you forgive me?"

"I do most freely. To you I owe my life, and I will use my best influence to soften the rigours of your lot."

Mitchell withdrew, and Major Gardiner immediately wrote to the Governor for permission to retain the supposed Matson in his establishment, and to free him from his manacles. Before the seal was applied to the letter, the hand of Heaven had rendered unavailing all human intervention—the old man's body was found in a kneeling position by his bedside,—his spirit had departed to the Being who gave it, the All-wise, and All-merciful.

DUELLING IN OUR INDIAN ARMY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNING IN INDIA."

The lamentable death of the gallant Colonel Fawcett, and the debates that followed in the British Parliament, in reference to the withholding a pension from that distinguished officer's widow, may reasonably be supposed to have suggested to the authorities at the War Office the necessity for issuing the new articles against duelling, forbidding all persons in her Majesty's Service henceforth either sending or receiving a challenge, with admonitory instructions to commanders of corps, which, if properly acted upon by them, will save many a brave officer the bitter regret of having stained his hands with the blood of perhaps an esteemed comrade, instigated to the deed by some bottle-feud or intemperate remark—consequences that the monitory interference of a superior as advised in the new Articles, might have prevented. In no part of the Service, perhaps, will there be greater occasion for this admonitory watchfulness and determination, on the part of superior officers, in carrying out the principles of the new orders, than in our Indian army; the duello being pretty nearly as much a matter of recurrence with them, as a dish of curry at the mess-table. For whether in camp or cantonment, it is no unfrequent occurrence for the stillness of the night to be broken by the reports of pistols, followed at intervals by other discharges, the peculiar character of which has well informed us of the purpose for which such firing has been in requisition. Probably at daybreak the troops have been ordered out to attend the funeral obsequies of Lieut. A. or Capt. B., reported to have died suddenly; the *causa mortis* being pretty well understood, though not otherwise announced.

But in India, where the military forms the principal portion of the European community, duels are not only taken little or no notice of, but are rather encouraged than otherwise. Whatever may be a soldier's idea of duelling, and how much sower he may abhor the practice, yet it were better for him at once to quit the service than to refuse a challenge. He would be scouted not only at the mess-table, in such event, and by the officers of his own corps; but he would be posted as a coward throughout the service—a consequence few men are prepared to encounter. If an officer be ever so cautious, he will hardly pass through the service, especially during his early career, without being subjected to a challenge, grounded on some supposed insult or other, and which, being accepted, too often terminates fatally to one party, and leaves the survivor to spend the remainder of his days with the consciousness of having sent a fellow creature prematurely to his grave. Some have even gloried in having "killed their man," and thus adding a degree of terror to their names, and being considered men of tried courage, have been falsely flattered, by such a distinction, rather to court than shun cause for challenge. But, on the other hand, many there are who, were it possible, would gladly recall the unfortunate event; who, if it had to be repeated, would shudder at the bare idea of again "going out," though tyrant custom might enforce it.

If seconds on these occasions would exercise their best influence to bring the principals to some amicable arrangement, or if senior officers would immediately interfere by placing the parties under arrest until the dispute could be amicably arranged by commanding officers of corps, the service would be saved the life of many a brave man, and the duellist many a bitter pang of regret.

Amongst the more remarkable duels that occurred in the Indian army, during my services in the Mysore and other parts of our Eastern territories, were the following, the first of which proved fatal to a fine old Waterloo officer, Major T. of the — Light Dragoons; his less faultless opponent being a fine young officer of the same regiment, who still holds a commission in her Majesty's service, and is nearly related to some noble and distinguished families in England. It was one of those cases for which, perhaps, even the admirable Articles just issued could scarcely have furnished a preventive, repugnant as it will ever be to a man of tried valour and high military honour, especially, to leave the reparation of such an injury alone to the award of a civil tribunal, however desirable it might be in a highly civilized state of society.

[Cornet B., the surviving officer in question, joined the depot of the — Light Dragoons at Maidstone, in Kent, in the year 1831, where he continued to do duty until his embarkation for India, to join the head-quarters of the regiment, in the latter end of 1835 or beginning of 1836. Whilst I knew him at the depot he was deservedly a general favourite with the detachment to which he belonged, and I remember with pleasure our embarkation for India, in 1835, when he accompanied us, with many others, to Gravesend. The kindness with which he shook hands with several of the men, on their getting into the boats and pushing off for the ship, has never been erased from my mind, nor his encouraging remarks to the youngsters, at the same time, that he "should soon follow them."

About a year afterwards Cornet B. accordingly arrived at Madras, and proceeded to join head-quarters, then fixed some distance in the interior of the country. He was in the same predicament on his joining the regiment that most officers are on their first arrival in India, viz., having no bungalow prepared to receive him. However, the hospitality of some veteran officer generally serves the new-comer on such occasions; and, unhappily for Cornet B. and his entertainer, on his reaching head-quarters, he was kindly offered accommodation in the bungalow of Major T., until such time as the Cornet could meet with a suitable residence. Major T. was then near sixty years of age, and had a few years previously married a young Irish lady, whose beauty, youth, and captivating manners, put the gallantry of the young Cornet to that test, beneath which a less vulnerable head and heart might have forgotten the rights of hospitality. During Cornet B.'s stay at the Major's a familiar intimacy sprang up between him and the Major's youthful bride, which, whether it excited the suspicions of the Major or not, that he took steps to detect its real character, did not appear; but it so happened that the Major, who had for a length of time been in a bad state of health, was suddenly recommended to visit the Neigherry Hills for improvement. He started for the latter place accordingly, but he unexpectedly revisited his bungalow at midnight, rushed into

his lady's sleeping apartment, and there found Cornet B. concealed, upon whom he inflicted summary punishment. A challenge followed, as a matter of course, and the parties met the same night. As far as subsequent conduct can recompense or not for such an injury, it is but just to Cornet B. to say that he received the fire of the Major more than once without returning it, and that it was only when convinced that nothing but his life would satisfy the Major's wounded honour, that he retaliated by firing at his determined opponent. The result was, the gallant Major, who had fought the enemies of his country on the plains of Waterloo, fell, mortally wounded. In the morning a report was circulated through the cantonment that Major T. was no more. The general understanding amongst the troops was that he had fallen a victim to that ready apology for all sudden deaths—the cholera. The fact was, however, well known to all the officers of his regiment.

The remains of the Major were consigned to the grave with the usual military honours, without further investigation, though not without the sincere regrets of his brother officers for his untimely end, as I can personally testify, being one of the party who attended his remains to their place of sepulture. In the mean time his lady, the unfortunate cause of the disaster, was embarked for England; and Cornet B. was for a time placed under arrest. Communications on the subject were officially gone through, so far as was considered necessary to the well-being of the service, which finally terminated by his receiving eighteen months' leave of absence to repair to England, with the understanding that he was either to exchange into another regiment, or to quit the service. This circumstance seems not to have affected his promotion, as he now holds the rank of Captain in a distinguished cavalry corps.

Another unfortunate affair, arising out of somewhat similar circumstances, came under my notice whilst in India, whereby a brave fellow, Lieut. I. of her Majesty's—Foot, was disabled by a shot-wound in the knee, in a duel with Lieut. G., of the—Dragoons. What rendered this affair more truly unfortunate was the fact of Lieut. I. having recently had his commission presented to him, after a long and meritorious service in the ranks. The nature of the wound resulted in the loss of his leg; he was rendered unable to continue to serve with his regiment, and was compelled to accept some Staff-appointment in one of our colonies, to linger out his days, a severe sufferer, though the injured party—an example of the painful injustice heaped upon those who seek a reparation for a great wrong by the laws of honour.

These are but two instances out of the many which occurred during the writer's five years' residence in India; but being of a more glaring character than the generality of duels, led me to name them more especially.

The mess-table, unfortunately, affords too frequent occasions for the exchange of shots, and brother officers have thence risen to avenge some fancied insult, under unnatural excitement, by calling out their former friends; and although the shots may, in many instances, fall harmless, yet they too frequently prove, if not fatal, greatly injurious to the sufferer's health, happiness, and prospects in life.

Another source of frequent duels is the betting system carried to so great an extent amongst the officers in the Indian army, as well as civilians holding distinguished appointments, that no one can have resided long in India without being aware of the extravagant pitch to which this species of gambling is carried. Thousands of rupees exchange hands on the most trivial occasions; for instance, the turn up of a card; the number of natives, male or female, who shall pass the window in a given time; in fact, on the most frivolous matters. It is to be deplored that more rational sources of amusement, during the long sultry day of an Indian climate, cannot be found, to prevent the encouragement of gambling to so frightful an extent.

Much may be said in extenuation of this baneful way of "killing time," when the want of society in India, especially that of females—the best and natural check upon such unintellectual indulgences—is taken into consideration. At many stations, the officers of the regiment are the only Europeans to be met with, and the want of society at such places, causes time not only, in fact, to drag heavily, but it is so much felt, that many fall into the grosser habit of drinking, in order to create excitement for a time, which, once commenced, requires to be continued, and thus too often brings many a brave fellow, who in more active service would have been an honour to his country and friends, to an untimely grave, perhaps by the hand of the duellist, the sad result of an intemperate brawl.

But duelling in our Eastern territories is not confined to the commissioned officers alone; the non-commissioned officers and privates of her Majesty's Service not unfrequently resort to it also as the readiest way to decide an affair affecting their personal credit or honour, the following instance of which occurred whilst I was stationed at B—:—Corporal M. and Private K., of her Majesty's—Dragoons, fought a duel as singular as it was desperate, no doubt instigated to this mode of settling their differences by the example of their superiors in rank. Corporal M. and the wife of Private K. had been suspected of a too familiar attachment; the injured party, the husband, as in most such cases, was the last to suspect or discover the affair, and probably never would have doubted his wife's fidelity, had it not been for the busy tongue of scandal which quickly spread through the corps, and ultimately reached the husband's ears. A friend of the injured party was forthwith deputed to wait on Corporal M. and demand a hostile meeting, which was agreed upon and arranged accordingly. They met early in the morning, some distance from the barracks, and exchanged shots; the Corporal was wounded in the rencontre, and thereby rendered incapable of resuming his duties for some time. On being carried to the hospital, the natural inquiry of "how he came by the wound?" led to a discovery of the duel.

Both parties were forthwith placed under arrest, but ultimately released, without too strict an inquiry. The lady was, however, at once started for England, and thus the matter terminated. A novelty occurred in this case which savoured rather of a transatlantic character—the weapons chosen were carbines, and the distance sixty paces. There cannot be a doubt, however, that if a check to such proceedings is given in respect to superior officers, by a firm determination on the part of commanders of corps, the recurrence of duels in a lower grade will be next to impossible.

Miscellaneous Articles.

DIRECTIONS TO LADIES FOR SHOPPING.

Shopping is the amusement of spending money at shops. It is to a lady what sporting is to a gentleman; somewhat productive, and very chargeable. Sport, however, involves the payment of one's own shot; shopping may be managed by getting it paid for. Ride all the way till you come to the shopping-ground in a coach, if you can; in an omnibus, if you must; lest you should be tired when you get there. If you are a lady of fashion, do not get out of your carriage and when you stop before your milliner's, particularly if it is a cold, wet day,

make one of the young women come out to you, and without a bonnet, in her thin shoes, stand on the kerb-stone in the damp and mud. The best places for shopping are fashionable streets, bazaars, and the like. Street-shopping principally relates to hosiery, drapery, and jewellery of the cheaper sort. Bazaar and Arcade-shopping, to fancy articles, nick-nacks, and perfumery. In street-shopping walk leisurely along, keeping a sharp look-out on the windows. In bazaar-shopping, beat each stall separately. Many patterns, colours, novelties, conveniences, and other articles will thus strike your eye, which you would otherwise have never wanted or dreamt of. When you have marked down some dress, or riband, for instance, that you would like, go and inquire the price of it; haggle, demur, examine, and, lastly, buy. You will then be asked "whether there is any other article to-day?" Whether there is or not, let the shopman show you what wares he pleases; you will very likely desire one or more of them. Whatever you think very cheap, that buy, without reference to your need of it; it is a bargain. You will find, too, as you go on, that one thing suggests another; as bonnets—ribands for trimming, or flowers; and handkerchiefs—perfumery. In considering what more you want try and recollect what your acquaintances have got that you have not; or what you have seen worn by strangers in going along. See if there is anything before you superior in any respect to a similar thing which you have already; if so, get it instantly, not reflecting whether your own will do well enough. You had better finish your streets before you take your bazaars and arcades; for there the shopping, which one might otherwise call cover-shopping, though excellent sport, refers mostly to articles of no manner of use; and it may be as well to reserve toys and superfluities to the last. Married ladies, when they have laid in all they want for themselves, are recommended to show their thoughtfulness by purchasing some little trifle for their husbands, who, of course will have to pay for it in the end.

MR. CAMPBELL, SON TO CAMPBELL THE POET.—At Waltham Abbey, on the 21st inst., a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* was opened at the Ship Inn, before Mr. Commissioner Winslow, to inquire as to the state of mind of Thos. Telford Campbell, Esq., aged 40, only son of the late Thomas Campbell, Esq., the poet, described in the commission as of "Dr. Allen's Asylum, High Beach, Essex, bachelor." After the jury had been sworn, and the proceedings were about to commence, Mr. Campbell, having expressed a wish to be present, walked into the room unattended, and, bowing respectfully to the court, took his seat by the side of the learned commissioner. He is about five feet five inches in height, dark complexion, has a good-humoured countenance, and a stout, robust, muscular frame. He paid the greatest attention to the proceedings, and evinced no symptoms of a disordered intellect. Dr. Allan and several other witnesses were examined, who spoke to peculiarities of likes and dislikes, which they deemed indications of an unsound state of mind. John Birkett, the butcher at Dr. Allen's asylum, said Mr. Campbell was fond of watching the killing of cattle, sheep, &c. When witness was slaughtering an ox, three months since, Mr. Campbell said he should like to eat some of the brains. Witness said of course he would have them cooked, but Mr. Campbell said they were more pure and efficacious in their natural state, and actually ate them warm as they came from the head of the animal. Mr. Campbell put several questions to the witnesses, and occasionally made some pertinent remarks, observing that the witnesses had given their evidence very fairly, but were wrong in their conclusions; and explained to the jury such parts of the evidence as he seemed to think bore against him. He said:—

"I did not eat the whole of the brains of the ox, but only a small portion, and therefore the witness (Birkett) must be mistaken. I suppose I offended my father because I did not seem to think enough of myself. He wanted me to go more into society, which I did not feel disposed to do. I have not been particularly well educated. I was sent to school in France, but I ran away from it, and was stopped at Boulogne because I had no passport, and was detained there till proper inquiries were made."

He went on to say that the fact of a man being locked up in a madhouse for some years would lead people to suppose he was mad. Whatever decision the jury might arrive at, he was himself satisfied that he was perfectly sane. The verdict was, "That Mr. Thomas Telford Campbell was of sound mind." Mr. Campbell immediately after removed his luggage from Dr. Allen's, and took apartments at the house of the late Captain Sothery, near Woodford.

French Misapprehension of English Titles and Proceedings.—The late elevation of Lord Stanley to the Upper House is thus recorded and explained in the *Commerce*, a Paris paper of high character, in its number of the 8th inst.:—"Lord Stanley, Minister for the Colonies, has accepted the title of Lord Chiltern Hundreds—a title with no duties annexed—which is incompatible with that of member of the Elective Chamber, because it is attached to the household of the Queen." In the same blundering spirit, the *National* of Sunday has a long article, in which it talks of the efforts made by "Lord Hardinge" to conclude a commercial treaty with the Pacha of Egypt. A very serious personage, called Sir Peel, is still commonly described in the French provincial journals as the English premier; and it is only a few weeks since we were startled by the announcement that Sir W. Peel, the son of the said Sir Peel, had passed his examination at Portsmouth for the rank of Admiral!

Age of English Line-of-Battle Ships.—It has been asserted that the ships of the line of the English navy are, for the most part, unfit for rough service, inasmuch as they are composed of old vessels, which are kept water-tight and venerated on account of their services during the late war. Of the thirty sail of the line, "advanced ships," now ready for immediate service at the ports, one half of them are not fifteen years old. The *Neptune*, 120, launched in 1832; the *Waterloo*, 120, launched in 1833; the *Trafalgar*, 120, launched in 1841; the *Nile*, 92, launched in 1839; the *London*, 92, launched in 1840; the *Superb*, 80, and the *Cumberland*, 70, launched in 1843; and the *Boscawen*, 70, launched in 1844, have never yet hoisted the pennant; nor has the *Clarence*, 84, another of the advanced ships. The *Royal Adelaide*, 104, has never been at sea; and of the remainder, the *Rodney*, 92, was launched in 1833; the *Monarch*, 84, was launched in 1832; the *Vanguard*, 80, was launched in 1835; the *Superb*, 80, was launched in 1842; and the *Indus*, 78, was launched in 1839. In fact, thirty sail of our noblest men-of-war, equal to any force that can be mustered by any naval power, have been launched since 1830.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PENSIONERS.—It is stated that the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital are to be identified every six months, and "are to be considered on a nearly similar footing as when they were in the service." We shall be glad to know how this will affect those pensioners who have lost their legs, and who cannot be supposed to be on anything like the same footing as when they were in the service.

Braham and his sons are on the point of visiting Ireland and Scotland, and it is said they will, on their return, proceed to Holland and Germany.

GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF INDIA.—We annex the age at which Sir Henry Hastings's predecessors have assumed the office of governor-general: Mr Hastings, 50; Lord Cornwallis (first time), 48; Lord Teignmouth, 42; Marquis Wellesley, 38; Marquis of Hastings, 59; Lord Amherst, 50; Lord W. Bentinck, 54; Lord Auckland, 52; Lord Ellenborough, 51; Sir Henry Hardinge, 59.

ANOTHER NEW PARK IN LONDON.—It is stated, on good authority, that the commissioners of woods and forests have determined upon purchasing Battersea-march and fields, a tract of land upwards of 200 acres in extent, for the purpose of making a public park of the same, and which is to be adorned with lakes, serpentine walks, shrubberies, &c. There will also, it is said, be a splendid carriage drive along the margin of the Thames from Vauxhall and Battersea-bridge.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Two papers under this name, drawn up by Mrs. John Ballantyne, appeared in our Journal last year. At the request of some friends, she has been induced to draw upon her memory for the materials of one more paper on the same theme.]

It is now forty years since my first introduction to Sir Walter Scott. I must ever remember with some degree of shame my conduct on that occasion.—Young, half spoilt by flattery, and newly married, I resolved, when I heard Mr Scott spoken of as a great lion, to let him see that his roar, mane, and claws, had no terror for me. Accordingly, when he addressed me at table, asking me to drink wine with him, or sing, I affected not to hear him, or gave him only very laconic answers. It would not be worth while for me to tell this tale to my own discredit, were it not to add that Scott, instead of taking offence, so won me by his kind and polite behaviour, that, ere an hour had elapsed, I was heartily ashamed of my folly. Here was the nobleness of the true lion indeed.

Of Sir Walter's many legendary stories, I chance at this moment to remember one which he used to relate with a considerable mixture of comic effect. I shall transcribe it as correctly as my memory will permit; but the reader will of course understand that the rich unpremeditated grace of his manner is beyond recall. "During the height of the border feuds, when every petty chieftain held despotic sway, and had the power of life and death over his vassals or dependents, it was no unusual thing for a culprit, on very slight offence, to be ordered out for execution on the nearest tree or pole which happened to present itself, with short time allowed for thrift. The grim guardian, or castellan, of these border fastnesses was sometimes a nobleman of high rank; at others, some petty upstart laird. These wardens of the marches, under the reign of Elizabeth and her successor James I., couching in their dark and gloomy dens, like giants of romance, were the terror of evil-doers. Each had to secure himself in his strong-hold as best he might; and was compelled to have a body of soldiers ready at a moment's call, armed cap-a-pie, who kept constantly on the look-out. The approach to these dens was perilous in the extreme. A corkscrew staircase, dark as pitch, and almost perpendicular, allowing but one person to ascend at a time, and guarded by strong double iron doors, the opening and shutting of which sounded like thunder, led to the apartment of the governor; one of whom, a small land-holder or laird, being notorious for the way he used his "brief authority," was on one occasion informed that a culprit had been caught in the very act of begging the whole of his honour's poultry—cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks, and all, not even sparing the old cocker herself! The fate of the culprit was very speedily decided; he was sentenced to be confined in a dark cell, till his honour had arrayed himself in his robes of authority, when forthwith he was to be hanged on a tree in the courtyard of a castle. The governor, having descended from his tower of strength, and being surrounded by a body of soldiers armed to the teeth, appointed one of them to the office of executioner. The door of the cell being now unlocked, the prisoner was called by name, and commanded to come forth and receive the punishment he so justly merited. By this time the story of his captivity and consequent death-doom had spread, and the castle was surrounded by a dense crowd, all prepared to attempt a rescue. After repeated orders to come forth, the prisoner still refused to leave his hiding-place. At last his honour, losing all patience, commanded the executioner to enforce obedience. "Hoot man," cried that grim officer, "come awa, noo; come oot, and be hangit, and dinna anger the laird, ye fashion devil that ye are!" at the same time dragging out the unfortunate culprit into the courtyard. "Will I?" answered he; "wha'll be the gawk then?" and quick as lightning, bursting from the soldier's iron grasp, with one cat-like spring and a "hooh!" he cleared a low unprotected part of the rampart wall, and fell unhurt into the arms of his companions below, who, with a tremendous shout, which seemed to shake the lion's den to the very foundation, cheered him on his escape; while he, doubling and winding like a hare before the hounds, was soon out of reach of his pursuers."

Besides his story-telling manner, he had another quite distinct, in which he was accustomed to utter any snatch of poetry in which he felt deeply interested, such as a verse of a Border ballad, or a simple but touching popular rhyme. I can never forget the awe-striking solemnity with which he pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey

Earth walked on the earth,
Glist'ring like gold,
Earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it wold.
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers,
Earth sayeth to the earth
All shall be ours."

The astonishing facility, rapidity, and carelessness with which he wrote for the press, is not the least remarkable feature in the history of his works. He never revised them, and I believe never saw them after they were sent to the printing-office. This recalls to my mind an anecdote in which Mr. James Ballantyne was concerned. Saving that the manner was a little too theatrical, James's readings from English books, and particularly from poetry, were singularly delightful. His voice was sonorous, his articulation clear and distinct, his mode of utterance correct, and his ear musical. Entering the library one forenoon, I found Mr. Ballantyne reading. "Hermione," said he, "listen to these lines; can anything be finer?" He then read from a poem very popular at the time; but we had not been many minutes thus engaged when Mr. Scott joined us, and insisted that Mr. Ballantyne should continue to read. "Never mind, James, who your author is, or what may be your subject—go on, go on." Without allowing him to perceive it, I managed to watch the Minstrel's countenance

narrowly as Mr. Ballantyne continued to read. He, at the first few lines, nodded his head in approbation; then "Very good, very good indeed!—charming!—powerful!" I soon saw that the upper lip began to elongate, and even to tremble; then a tear started into the small gray eye. He was soon quite overpowered, not only with the beauty of the composition, but with the charming manner in which Mr. Ballantyne read it; and snatching up his staff, he strode across the room, and looking over the reader's shoulder, discovered, to his manifest discomfiture, that it was the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He indignantly dashed the offending tear from his eye, uttered an impatient "Pshaw!" and exclaimed, "God help me, James, I am losing my memory!" The same thing happened subsequently as my husband read some pages in his hearing from one of the novels—I have forgotten which—but I well remember that he never appeared to be flattered on such occasions, but, on the contrary, evinced great impatience.

Let me here relate an instance of his benevolence. One day, at a very numerous and rather ceremonious dinner-party at my own table, there was a scarcity of spoons; and what added in no trifling degree to the awkwardness of the circumstance, just at the precise moment when one servant was handing them to another behind the dining-room door, for the purpose of washing them, there occurred a most determined pause in the conversation. Nothing could have been more completely *mal-a-propos*—for the silence was so profound that no sound was to be heard save the whispering of the servants and the washing of the spoons. At last my husband drank, "Relief to all in distress," which broke the spell, and set us all a-laughing, while Mr. James Ballantyne, who had an apt quotation from his favourite author Shakespeare ready on all emergencies, called out to me in his sonorous tones—

"My lord, my lord, methinks you'd spare your spoons!"

"Not I, indeed, my lord," responded I, "for I have none to spare."

"A hit—a very palpable hit," answered Mr. Ballantyne.

"Not amiss," observed Sir Walter, nodding his head gently from side to side, as was his manner on some particular occasions; but shortly afterwards I observed that he became silent and abstracted, appeared to be ruminating, drew down the upper lip to an unusual length—a change seemed to have come over him, and it was some time before he was altogether himself again. The following day, a parcel addressed to myself, in Sir Walter's well-known hand, was presented to me, containing a dozen of the handsomest table-spoons which could be procured in Edinburgh.

The stories told by Mr. Creech the bookseller, some of which lately appeared in the Journal, were much relished by Scott, whom I have often seen laughing at them till the tears ran over his cheeks. Alas that those days of boundless jocundity, when I lived in an atmosphere of merry whim and tale, and daily saw the ablest men of my time in their moments of highest excitement, should be gone never to return! Creech's droll anecdotes were a source of never-ending amusement; for though he told them frequently, they were never quite the same thing. Every repetition brought out something new, and each new feature was invariably an improvement. Scott never failed to have something to add as a sort of rebound to all other people's stories. For example, Creech one day threw us all into fits with an account of a minister in a north-country parish, who had so grievously offended his flock, that with one consent they rose upon him, drove him from his pulpit with a storm of cutty stools, kicked him out of the church, and finally thrashed the preacher also—most unheard-of conduct surely: yet immediately after the tale was concluded, we heard Scott saying in a slow and infinitely whimsical voice:—

Oh what a toon, what a terrible toon,

Oh what a toon was that o' Dunkeld!

They've hangit the minister, drooned the preacher,

Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

I know not where he got the lines; but their effect at that moment was overpowering.

I shall now conclude this truly rambling paper with another story of Creech, which used to be a prime favourite in our circle. "In my young days," said he "there was an old gentleman, proprietor of an estate near Edinburgh, who, besides being a man of considerable classical taste, was an antiquary, and, having in early youth travelled on the Continent, was a proficient in the French and Italian languages. He was a fine body on the whole, but passionate to a great degree, and extremely irritable on certain points. He was in the habit of giving fine French and Italian names to almost everything he possessed; and in order to put him into a temper of rage, it was only necessary to make a mistake, and mispronounce the name of anything. His mansion, for instance, he called *Bella Retira*. Part of an old dilapidated church wall which he had enclosed within his grounds, which was in view of the house, and which he had taken infinite pains to cover with ivy and other creeping plants, he was pleased to denominate *L'Eglise de Marie*. He was indefatigable in his exertions to drill the servants and country folks into a proper mode of pronunciation—without success may easily be imagined; but being a most severe disciplinarian, he enforced obedience by dint of a good stout oaken cudgel, which he always carried about him for the express purpose of initiating the clowns and clodhoppers into a classical and correct mode of speech. Strolling about his own grounds one day, he encountered a young man, the son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and being curious to discover by what barbarous nickname his mansion and the ivy-towers would be distinguished, affecting to be a stranger to the locality, he asked the young man the name of that ruin, pointing to the church wall—"What's the name of that ruinous church, my man? can you inform me what they call it?" "Is't yon bit auld gray-stane dyke yonder, wi' the dockens grown ower the tap o't? Ou ay (scratching his head, by way of refreshing his memory); they ca' that *Legs-my-Leary*, I'm thinking." "Legs-my-whatty, ye stupid donnert idiot!" raising his oaken cudgel, flourishing it furiously, and making an effort to chase and chastise the delinquent, who only escaped a sound thrashing by taking to his heels. The old gentleman had barely got time to breathe and recover a little from his excitement, when he was accosted by a countryman bearing a basket on his arm, who, very respectfully touching his hat, asked him to direct him to *Bullrowtery*. "Bullwatery, ye fool!" exclaimed the laird in a fury; and flourishing the cudgel in a very hostile manner—"I'll Bullrowtery ye; can ye no give things their proper names, man, and say *Bella Retira*?" "Deed no," was the answer; "I'm no just see daft's a' that—I ne'er fash my thoomb wi' ony sic havers; Bullrowtery's as guid common sense as *Belly-rowtery* every bit and crumb: there's sax o' the tain, and half a dozen o' the tother; and ye'd far better gang hame and curl your wig, than rin after folk to lounder them because they canna speak nonsense." Which logic made so deep an impression on the worthy old gentleman, that from that hour he resolved to lay aside his cudgel in some snug corner, and trouble his head no more about orthoepical blunders."

* Literally cuckoo, but meaning fool or simpleton.

THE QUEEN AT BLAIR ATHOLL.

The weeks have passed pleasantly and tranquilly with the Queen at Blair Atholl Castle. Early rising, constant exercise in the open air, and freedom from the usual trammels of court etiquette, have had their proper effect in the rude health which appears to have visited the Royal cheek; and not the Royal cheek alone, for the other visitors are described as benefiting by the change of air and life. Although the utmost pains are taken to maintain the privacy of the grounds, by stationing in every part foresters who warn off intruders, yet indeed the private life of the illustrious recluse comes out more than ever. The very fact of the greater privacy begets a more piercing curiosity. Popsy raises a smile when he remarks that the Duke of York carressed his boy "like any private father of a child"; but the curiosity and the satisfaction are not quite idle: it is something for honest folks of dull imagination to learn that human instincts and sentiments are not to be accounted beneath even such exalted stations; and for the more considerate to be assured, that from those the sweetest enjoyments of human existence state restraints do not debar monarchs and princes if they choose to indulge them.

Our readers, however, will expect some sample of the anecdotes industriously gleaned on the outskirts of Blair Atholl's privacy. Here is an illustration of the daily life—

"Her Majesty seldom allows the sun to be up and stirring before her; and by the time that 'the rosy-fingered morn' has expelled the mists from the surrounding hills, her Majesty may be seen walking about the grounds, accompanied by her illustrious consort and the Princess Royal. The young Princess is always mounted on her Shetland pony when she accompanies her Royal parents in their morning walk; but Prince Albert occasionally takes her in his arms, and points out to the Princess any object within view that might attract the wandering fancy of a child. Her Majesty's piper, Mackay, who came over in the Stromboli in order to attend her Majesty during her sojourn at Blair Atholl, has orders to play the pibroch under her Majesty's window every morning at seven o'clock; and at the same early hour a bunch of fresh heather, with some of the icy cold water from the celebrated spring at Glen Tilt, are presented to her Majesty."

The Dundee Advertiser furnishes a story of an early visit to a sleeping Lord—

"One morning about seven o'clock, a lady, plainly dressed, left the Castle; who, though observed by the Highland guard on duty, was allowed to pass unnoticed, until after she had proceeded a considerable distance; when some one having discovered that it was the Queen, a party of the Highlanders turned out as a Royal Body-guard. Her Majesty, however, signified her wish to dispense with their services, and they all returned to their stations. The Queen in the meanwhile moved onwards through the Castle-grounds alone, until she reached the lodge, the temporary residence of Lord and Lady Glenlyon; where upon calling, with the intention, as was understood, of making some arrangements as to a preconcerted excursion to the Falls of Bruar, she was informed that his Lordship had not yet arisen. The surprise of the domestic may be conceived when her Majesty announced who was to be intimated as having called on his Lordship. On her return, her Majesty, having taken a different route, and finding herself bewildered by the various roads which intersect the grounds in every direction, applied to some reapers whom she met to direct her to the Castle by the nearest way. They, not being aware to whom they spoke, immediately did so, by directing her Majesty across one of the parks, and over a paling which lay before her; and which she at once passed, and reached the Castle—a good deal amused, no doubt, with her morning's excursion."

The Highlanders have been relieved by the Queen from their troublesome duty of presenting arms every time they see one of the Royal personages; they are to present arms to her Majesty twice each day, to Prince Albert once, to the Princess Royal once. An amusing instance of their discipline and fidelity occurred lately. The pass-word is changed every day, and no one who is not able to give it is allowed to traverse the domain: Mr. Murray, Lord Glenlyon's brother, arrived on a visit; and not being duly provided with the pass-word, he was stopped at the gate: he explained who he was; but the Highlander on guard exclaimed, that Lord's brother or not, he could not pass without the word; and for it he had to wait.

The party have made repeated visits to the beautiful Glen Tilt; the Queen riding in a carriage on pony-phæton, Prince Albert driving or riding on horseback. While the Queen and her companions were riding in Glen Tilt, on Thursday, the foresters drove a vast herd of deer up the Glen and along a ridge of the hills: as the majestic brutes passed along on the heights, headed, as usual, by a leader, the effect was very grand. None of them were shot on that occasion.

At times, the Royal couple ride on ponies up the hills within the Castle demesnes, attended only by a servant. "Her Majesty proves herself a bold and expert horsewoman; disdaining the broad winding paths of the hills, and venturing upon more direct roads with obstacles that would deter many even of the natives of the district."

The Queen, however, has not been quite unpersecuted by intruders. The description of the scene in the village church on Sunday last is in perfect contrast with the obtrusive quiet and decorum of that day week—

"On the former Sunday, it was not known that the Queen would be present; only the usual motive, therefore, could have drawn the congregation to the spot through the pelting rain; and when the villagers assembled they showed that they knew how to behave themselves. Last Sunday, it was a changed scene; the Queen had gone to church in bad weather, and would of course go in fair; there was a sure opportunity of seeing the Sovereign; and accordingly, great numbers of people from Perth, Dundee, Dunkeld, and places in all directions, poured into Blair Atholl on Saturday night and Sunday morning. They were of all classes, from the gentry to the cottager and people of the hills. The gay flaunting attire of the greater part of them, and the number of vehicles about the place, gave the usually quite village quite an animated appearance: there was very little to remind one of a Scottish Sabbath day. The doors of the church were opened long before the hour at which the service was to commence; but for some time previous many persons had crowded round the building, for the purpose of getting in early and obtaining the best seats. The Scottish people are usually most attentive to strangers visiting their churches; you rarely have to wait a minute before some one offers his seat, or points one out: on this occasion, the good-nature and forbearance of the usual congregation were taxed to the utmost: the visitors, more intent perhaps on sight-seeing than on the solemn office of the day, had taken possession of most of the seats which commanded the best view of the Royal pew; and the real owners or customary occupants of them were in many cases left without. The aspect of the congregation was more like that of an audience at the theatre. So great were the pressure and heat, that long before the Queen's

arrival it was found expedient to open all the windows,—a work apparently of some difficulty, as they were all securely cemented with paint; and the whole operation of scraping, chiselling, hammering, and pushing, was necessarily resorted to, to the edification of the sight-seers, although it might just as well have been done the previous day. At a few minutes before twelve the opening of the door behind the Royal pew occasioned quite a sensation. Most of the persons in the galleries rose, and many of those in the body of the church; and there were loud exclamations of 'Hush, hush!' from the more sober part of the congregation: it turned out to be merely some of the attendants. Shortly afterwards the solemnity of the place was again disturbed by the entrance of her Majesty, leaning on Prince Albert's arm. The Queen was evidently surprised at the bustle which her entrance occasioned, so different from that of the previous Sunday; and after one or two keen and observant glances round the church, she took the seat which she had occupied on the former occasion, to the right of the pew. The rest of the party also disposed themselves much in the same order as before. The Queen was wrapped in a large shawl of shepherd's plaid; which seemed to be inconveniently warm: for she rose shortly afterwards, and it was taken from her shoulders by Lady Canining. Her Majesty then appeared in a black silk dress and scarf, with a small collar of white crape; and a white drawn bonnet trimmed with large roses of white crape. She looked extremely well, and her face appeared somewhat embrowned by the sun and exposure to the keen mountain-air of the Highlands. Prince Albert wore a black frock and trousers. Meanwhile, the bustle among the audience was by no means edifying. Curiosity so far got the better of decorum, that almost all who had not advantageous seats stood up, both in the body of the church and in the galleries. In some cases persons even stood upon the seats. This general movement, of course, produced a great noise and confusion. It was the more surprising, that in Scotland especially, where the people pride themselves on the respect they pay to all religious observances, a proceeding so out of character with the sacred building in which it took place, and with the object of her Majesty's presence there, should have been allowed to occur. It is due to the people of the immediate neighbourhood to say that they did all that in them lay to preserve decorum. The strangers were the real offenders; and what made it worse was, that they remained crowding and peering over at her Majesty, even after the general sound of 'Hush!' and a whispered remonstrance had gone round the church. During the service, too, many persons, and those well-dressed persons, were to be seen staring fixedly at the Queen, when, during the prayer, she stood up; and there were some in the dress of gentlemen who in this respect conducted themselves in a way that would not be tolerated if a private gentlewoman were the object of annoyance.

"As soon as the Royal party were seated, the precentor, Mr. Peacock, published the bans of marriage, 'for the third and last time,' between the Reverend Mr. Irvine, the minister of the parish, and a young lady of the neighbourhood. The Prince, it is remarked, appeared somewhat puzzled at the announcement, and applied to her Majesty for an explanation. After a delay of about five minutes, caused by the pressure of the crowd, the Reverend Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, made his way to the pulpit, and the service proceeded. The Doctor took for his text the 11th to the 14th verses of the 2d chapter of Titus. The sermon was delivered in a broad Scotch accent: the preacher deprecated religious rancour and animosity, vindicated the superiority of the Established Church of Scotland over the schismatics, and defended the doctrines of Calvinism. The sermon contained no allusion to the Sovereign present. Not so the prayer: in which Dr. McLeod separately named all the members of the Royal Family; and his hearty, fervid eloquence, in praying for the welfare of the Queen, on earth and in the life to come, is said deeply to have affected her.

"The usual contribution for the poor having been made, the Royal party rose to leave the church. There was an immediate rush to the doors, to obtain a good view of her Majesty on going out; and the crowd would have pressed upon the Queen on her way to her carriage, in their eagerness to obtain another look, but for the Atholl Highlanders; a party of whom drew up in line on either side to salute, and to guard it.

"The crowd of visitors from a distance had come merely to see the Queen; they could obtain no accommodation in the village-inns; and in a short time Blair was again uncrowded and in peace."

While Lord Aberdeen and Lord Liverpool were walking in the Pass of Killiecrankie, on Thursday, the Marquis of Breadalbane drove up in his carriage, alighted, and returned with them to the Castle. He came, it is understood, to invite the Queen to Taymouth Castle; but her Majesty did not wish to extend her excursion beyond the neighbourhood. The Marquis left Blair on Saturday.

The 1st of October is named as the day of departure. "Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence has been up to Perth, examining the charts of the Tay, to see whether it would be possible to take the Royal yacht up to the 'fair city'; but it is feared that she draws too much water to do so in safety. It is therefore settled for her Majesty to re-embark at Dundee; but she will probably vary her route to that port, and pass through Perth on her way towards the sea."

It is given out that the Queen wishes to return to Blair Atholl often—

"Her Majesty has expressed a desire to take a permanent residence in this part of the Highlands, and to lease a forest, to which the Court might make a pilgrimage every year, in order to afford Prince Albert an opportunity of enjoying the noble sport of deerstalking. Her Majesty, it is said, has also directed her physician to collect statistical details and make inquiries respecting the diseases which are most prevalent in the Highlands. Sir James Clark has, we believe, drawn up his report, by which it appears that the Highlands have obtained a clean bill of health, with the exception of a fever arising from too copious libations of whisky. This is the only known prevailing epidemic; but there is every reason to hope that her Majesty and Prince Albert, and even the Royal children, might escape the infection; notwithstanding her Majesty's avowed penchant for Atholl brose—a very pleasant composition, which consists of honey, whisky, and two teaspoonful of water." [The editor of the *Morning Post* here corrects his own reporter, from whom our extract is quoted; saying that he has never been able to detect any water in the composition of Atholl brose.]

The story of a Scotch peasant's having intruded into the Royal presence, last week, is contradicted. A carter was rude to Lord Glenlyon, and was taken into custody by the Police; and that seems to be the only foundation for the tale.

The widow of Napoleon has recently shewn a great affection for quadrupeds. An elephant has just arrived at Parma for her Imperial Highness. It might have been expected that the relic of such a man would have dedicated the remainder of her life to something above even the human species.

Foreign Summary.

Approaching Marriage in High Life.—It is generally understood that the marriage of the Hon. Frederick Paul Methuen and Miss Horatia Sanford, only daughter and heiress of the Rev. John Sanford, of Connaught-place, will be solemnised early in the ensuing month.

A statue has been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral to the memory of Sir Astley Cooper. The statue, exclusive of the pedestal, is eight feet high, and the likeness is considered good. It is by Mr. Bailey.

French Navy.—The *Presses* gives the following as the official state of the French navy:—It consists of twenty-three ships of the line, twenty-nine frigates, 379-24ths of ships of the line on the stocks, and 277-24ths of frigates, forty-three steam vessels, representing a force of 7,340 horse power; sixteen or seventeen of these are ready for sea at the shortest notice, eighteen steam boats in course of construction, eighteen trans-Atlantic steam packets, twenty-four steam packets of from 220 to 250 horse power, employed by the Post office in carrying the mails in the Levant, to Alexandria, Corsica, and England. —(These vessels are not calculated to carry heavy guns.) The class of seamen for 1844 amounts to 122,025 men, but of this number only 62,000 may be regarded as able seamen.

CONDEMNATION OF TSECH FOR ATTEMPTING THE LIFE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—The wretched man who some months ago made a mad attempt on the life of the King of Prussia is condemned to die. His doom was pronounced on the 14th inst., when he was condemned to be broken on the wheel, being the severest sentence existing in the Prussian code, and is commonly inflicted upon men convicted of one of the four following crimes, viz., an attempt upon the life of the King, high treason, parricide, and the murder of a Christian ecclesiastic exercising his functions in Prussia. Tsech received the notification of his sentence with perfect calmness, declined exercising his right of appeal, and has since not only retained an imperturbable indifference, but even assumed a haughty and arrogant demeanour. It is, however, reported that an *ex officio* appeal will be laid before the Royal Court of Berlin. We should hope the manner of his death would be mitigated, though we remember a similar horrible punishment was inflicted a year or two back on a miserable being who was ten minutes in agony before he became insensible.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE AND THE FRENCH NAVY.—The Prince de Joinville succeeds Admiral Lalande in the list of vice-admirals. The officers of the navy of France in actual service are two admirals, two vice-admirals, 20 rear-admirals, 100 capitaines de vaisseau, 200 capitaines de corvette, 600 lieutenants de vaisseau, 500 enseignes, 200 élèves (first class), 205 élèves (second class). The reserve list contains five vice-admirals and six rear-admirals. The rank conferred on the Prince de Joinville is next in degree to that of Baron Duperre, promoted 13th August, 1839, and Baron Roussin, promoted 30th October, 1840. The Prince de Joinville, who has hitherto been able to command only a squadron, may now be appointed to that of a fleet.

EAST INDIA COMPANY.—On Wednesday a Quarterly General Court of Proprietors was held. The court was made a special one for the purpose of submitting to the proprietors of East India Stock for confirmation the resolution of the general court, held a few days back, approving a resolution of the Court of Directors, which granted an annuity of £1,000 to Major-General Sir W. Nott, G. C. B. There were several other matters of great importance which were also set down on the notice paper for discussion—amongst the rest, a notice referring to the recommendation of Lord Auckland for the annual money payment of £6,000 to the Temple of Juggernaut; one having reference to the treatment of his Majesty the King of Delhi, by the Government of India; and a third calling the attention of the company to the state of the police in the Presidencies of Bengal and Agra, and to the state of the jails in all the Presidencies of India. Captain Sheppard took the chair. The resolution conferring an annuity of £1,000 on General Nott was unanimously confirmed, as were resolutions conferring compensation to widows of officers and retired servants of the company. The chairman informed the court that the papers and documents long desired from India had arrived by the last mail, and he had therefore to appeal to Mr. Poynder to defer the motion of which he had given notice until the next court day, when the papers would be printed and in the hands of the proprietors. Mr. Poynder bowed assent to the suggestion of the chairman, and the motion respecting the Temple of Juggernaut consequently stood over.

CHESS.—The *Palanede* of the present month contains a correspondence between Mr. Staunton and M. St. Amant, by which it appears that a new chess-match is to take place on Oct. 15, at Paris, for the same stake (100*l.* aside) as that played for last year. The conditions will be, in the main, the same as those agreed to for the former match; there are, however, one or two points which are at present under consideration, and which may be modified. One of those is a proposition of Mr. Staunton to play the king's pawn two squares by both players, whether for attack or defence, at the commencement of each party; another point proposed by the gentleman is to limit the match to thirteen games in place of twenty-one—the winner of the first seven games being the conqueror. The object of this latter change is to lessen the time which the match will cause him to remain in Paris. As there is no doubt, from the tenour of the two champions' letters, that these matters will be arranged, the match may be looked on as settled.

Marshal Bugeaud receives no common honours from his King and country in consequence of his late victory. The policy of making a great military name is well understood by the King of the French, and he has, accordingly, rewarded the valour and conduct lately displayed by General Bugeaud in dispersing the undisciplined Moors by the following autograph letter:—

“Neuilly, August 29.

“My dear Marshal,—It is with lively and profound emotion that I congratulate you on the brilliant exploits which you have just added to all those which have made our flag illustrious. The noble resolution that you took to fight the battle of Isly, with an army so disproportioned in number to that which you attacked, has produced in the minds of our brave soldiers the sensation which I experienced on learning it. I have felt that this appeal to French soldiers must have rendered them invincible, and they were so. Be my organ, my dear marshal, with them. Tell them that it is in the name of France, as well as my own, that I ask you to offer to this brave army, which you led so gloriously to victory, the expression of the national gratitude, and that of the admiration excited by its valour and devotedness. Receive, my dear marshal, the assurance of all the sentiments which will ever be felt towards you by your affectionate
“LOUIS PHILIPPE.”

At Algiers, on his return, it was lamented that there had not been time to erect a triumphal arch. His reception by the people was most enthusiastic,

and from all quarters he was greeted with the loud cry of “Long live the hero of Isly!” mingled with “Vive la Roi!” He was escorted by all the military and civil authorities, and nearly all the population. From the place of landing to the Government-house the road was lined on either side by the African militia. During the procession the guns of the forts and vessels in the harbour fired salutes. The standards taken from the enemy and the famous parasol were publicly exposed. A letter states:—“The tent was erected on the Esplanade Bab-el-Oued. It is of immense dimensions. Its form is circular. It is made of three hundred and twenty yards of cotton, and the inside gorgeously decorated. In it will be given a banquet offered by the inhabitants to the marshal. The importance of the seizure of the parasol of the son of the Emperor of Morocco is not justly appreciated either in France or England. This emblem of command formerly belonged to Mulai-Solomin, the predecessor of Mulai-Abd-er-Rahman, and was held in the highest veneration. In short, it may be considered the royal standard of Morocco.”

THE EARL OF ROSSE.—This nobleman has been for more than two years engaged in the construction of a leviathan telescope. On Wednesday week it was directed for the first time to the stars. A letter received from his lordship states, that the metal, only just polished, was of a pretty good figure, and that with a power of 500, the nebula known as No. 2 of Messier's catalogue was even more magnificent than the nebula No. 13 of Messier, when seen with his lordship's telescope of three feet diameter and twenty-seven feet focus. Cloudy weather prevented him from turning the leviathan on any other nebulous object. “Thus, then,” writes Dr. South, “we have, thank God, all danger of the metal breaking before it could be polished overcome. Little more however, will be done to it or with it for some weeks, inasmuch as the noble earl is on the eve of quitting Ireland for England, to reside at York his post as president of the British Association, and to visit his noble relatives at Kilwick and at Brighton. This done, he returns to Ireland; and I look forward with intense anxiety to witness its first severe trial, when all its various appointments shall be completed, in the confidence that those who may then be present will see with it what man has never seen before. The diameter of the large metal is six feet, and its focus sixty-four feet. Yet the immense mass is manageable by one man. Compared with it, the working telescopes of Sir William Herschel, which in his hands conferred on astronomy such inestimable service, and on himself astronomical immortality, were but playthings.”

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN MOROCCO.—An avaricious butcher, who had enriched himself by selling “kehlia” (fried meat), was determined to increase his gains by the more simple method of receipts without expenditure. With this view he nightly inveigled into his house a woman of exceptional character, who was immediately assassinated, cooked, and disposed of the following day as “kehlia.” His wife, who witnessed these nightly murders, apprehending a similar fate, went to the Pasha and denounced her husband. He was soon judged and condemned: a boiler full of water was placed over a fierce fire before his shop-door, which soon reached boiling temperature. The executioner then dragged the criminal to his own block, still stained with the blood of his numerous victims, and chopping off his hands, threw them into the cauldron, and, when boiled, they were given to the numerous bands of hungry dogs who had been assembled for that purpose. In the same way his feet and legs were disposed of, until loss of blood terminated his life, and with it this appalling and barbarous justice.

THE WARSPITE CRITICISM.—A letter from Toulon, in *Galignani's Messenger*, states that the officers of the squadron of the Prince de Joinville, on their arrival at Cadiz, enrolled their names for the purpose of sending a deputation to the officers of the *Warspite*, to demand satisfaction for the letters in the *Times*; but that the prince, having heard of their intention, anticipated them by writing to the commodore, who is said to have replied that he did not believe there were in the English navy officers base enough to doubt the courage of French officers, and promising to publish a disavowal of these letters in the *Times*.

The London papers announce the death, at Vevey, in Switzerland, after a short illness, of Mr. Nathan Dunn, of Philadelphia,—the collector and proprietor of the Chinese collection which had given the English public such familiar glimpses into the interior of Chinese life, and will, representing as it does, so many years of that gentleman's labours, form, as long as it is kept together, his characteristic and appropriate monument.

The King of the French has given Horace Vernet a commission to paint three pictures, severally representing the attack upon Tangier, the taking of Mogadore and the Battle of Isly,—and that artist will shortly depart for Morocco, with a view to their execution.

The legal journals of the French capital furnish some curious particulars of the sort of association entered into for the publication of M. Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. A partnership fund, amounting to 525,000 francs (21,000 sterling) was, it seems, provided for the payment of the copyright and expenses; and the society provisionally formed, some years ago, was to receive a regular working organization, when the author should have completed his manuscript. The society now, by public act, declares, that “M. Thiers' work being in a very advanced state, the members consider it for their interest at once to begin the publication.” The author has, it is said, already received 320,000 francs, on account of his work—which was to be paid at the rate of 40,000 francs, for each of the first nine volumes, the tenth and concluding volume entitling him to 140,000 francs. M. Thiers receives, then, for his copy-right 500,000 francs—no less a sum, in English money, than £20,000.

Many of our readers will, we think, be as much surprised as we were, to learn that, in the nineteenth century, there exists, in a department of twice-revolutionized France, an anniversary festival, of a week's duration, in celebration of the dreadful massacre of Saint Bartholomew! The little town of Bel-pach, in the department of the Aude, has the honour of this commemoration; in which the brand of universal history is overlooked or defied, and the orgies are worthy of their detestable object. The French journalists call indignantly on the civil authority for its interference, to abate the disgraceful noise.

RUMOURD BREVET.—The expected military brevet will include lieutenant-colonels, major-generals, and colonels of 1837; lieutenant-colonels, majors, and captains of 1836; and will cause the following changes:—Maj.-General Lord F. Fitzclarence to command the Dublin district, vice General Wyndham, promoted; Major-General Prince George of Cambridge to be inspector of Cavalry, vice General Lyon, promoted; Col. Sir R. Sale to be Deputy Adjutant-General in Ireland, vice Col. Napier, promoted; Col. Sir R. England, K. C. B., to be Adjutant-General in India, vice Col. Sir R. Sale to Ireland; Colonel Love, C. B., 73d, to be Col. on the Staff at Corfu, vice Prince George of Cambridge; Col. Spink, to be Deputy-Quarter-master-General in Ireland, vice Bainbridge, promoted. Limerick Chronicle.

FRANCE.—The papers announce the arrival at Paris of the Duke de Glücksberg, with a treaty between France and Morocco. The Emperor stipulates that he will communicate to the French government the names of the Moorish chiefs who invaded the Algerian territory; that Abdel Kader be outlawed throughout the African possessions of the Emperor and France; that he may be pursued by the troops of both governments, until expelled or captured; that if he fall into the hands of the French, he is to be treated with every respect due to his station; that Mogador Island and the town of Ouchda be evacuated by the French; that prisoners of war be immediately exchanged; and that the ratification of the treaty be exchanged within two months.

The *European Times* says that a treaty has been concluded between the United States and the Celestial Empire, based upon the same principle as dictated that between England and China—in which America will enjoy all the advantages which Great Britain, by her arms, secured, after an immense outlay of blood and treasure. The substance of this news is said to have been received through the medium of a private letter.

The *London Times* gives currency to a rumor that the British Cabinet propose excluding from the honors of the court and the complimentary dinners of the ministers, all the ambassadors and other representatives of foreign nations, whose governments have not sustained, in England, their pecuniary engagements with their creditors.

In the English manufacturing district the foreign demand had fallen off; but the home demand, always much the most important, was very large.

The Great Britain steamship is on the eve of being relieved from her confinement in the Bristol dock.

The receipts of the Repeal Rent, as announced at the weekly meetings of the Association, are diminishing. For the week ending Sept. 30 they amounted to £349, 18s.; for the week previous, to £600, 12s. 6d.

The effective military force in Ireland on the first inst., including cavalry, infantry and artillery, was 26,000 men.

The rumor that the port of Suez had been ceded to England is formally contradicted. A late letter from Alexandria states that Mr. Bourne was in constant communication with the Egyptian Government to complete the arrangements for the transit through Egypt of the India mails, but it appears that he is progressing very slowly, and up to this time nothing decisive has been done.

The project of still further facilitating the intercourse between Europe and India, by means of railway across the Isthmus of Suez, is resumed; and hopes are still entertained of its being put in a train for an early accomplishment of the important design.

DREADFUL LOSS OF LIFE NEAR SUNDERLAND.—Accounts from Sunderland give an account of an explosion in a coalpit, which occurred on the 28th ult., at Haswell colliery, about ten miles from Sunderland. The accident is attributed to an explosion of fire-damp. The number of men in the pit at the time of the explosion was nearly 150.—Only one man, it is said, has escaped alive uninjured. Upwards of 100 dead bodies have already been brought to the bank. It is utterly impossible to describe the dreadful anguish of the surviving relatives.

Fifteen putters (bboys and young men employed in taking the coals from the hewers to the bottom of the shaft) were in one lump—all clasped together.—They had their clothes on prepared to ascend.—When working they are nearly naked.

The state of the relatives beggars all description. Each cottage had its dead father or brothers, or both.

Three men at the bottom of the shaft were saved: the shock was so great that the roof near them had fallen down, and so blocked up the passage as to stop the further progress of the bad air. These men thus providentially rescued were the first who brought the intelligence to the bank: the explosion was not heard by those outside the pit. The men when asked the cause of the dreadful accident, say that the state of the pit must have been known to some persons; but it does not appear that any complaints had been previously made.

The marriage of the Duke d' Aumale with the daughter of the Prince de Salerno is positively agreed upon, and will, it is said, be solemnized soon after Louis Philippe's return from Windsor.

The *Siecle* announces, that "although the latest news from Tahiti published in the Ministerial journals state the loss of the French at the attack of Mahabana at two officers killed and 52 privates wounded, it appears that the Government has not published all the information which it received as to that unfortunate affair. A letter has been communicated to us, in which it is stated that, besides two officers killed and 52 men wounded, we left more than 40 seamen or marines dead on the field. This letter adds, that the plan of the intrenchments raised by the rebels was given by British officers, and that the report of the Commandant Brouat, received by the Ministers, officially announces this fact."

SPAIN.—A letter from Bayone of the 22d ultimo, announces that a movement on a grand scale had been intended by the Carlists of Navarre. Col. Jose Maria Ladrón, the nephew of the Carlist General Santos Ladrón, who was shot in Navarre in 1838, by the Christian General Lorenzo, with 400 to 500 men distributed in concealment along the frontier, was waiting an opportunity to commence the movement. Colonels Elcharre and Cortes, chiefs who are highly popular in Navarre, had undertaken the organization of the Carlist forces in that province, and had gathered about 4000. So stood matters, when orders, dated in London, were received from General Balmaneda, for the discontinuance of the preparations. The reason assigned for this hesitation is the repugnance of Don Carlos to acts of violence, and a lingering hope that the succession may be adjusted by a marriage between his son, the Prince of Asturias, and Queen Isabella. It is, however, doubted whether the order will be obeyed by the organized Carlists. Meanwhile, the Spanish government is dispatching reinforcements to Navarre with all possible expedition. The Captain General of Valencia had been directed to send thither 2000 men.

SWEDEN.—Popular disturbances have been occasioned by the rejection of the measures of reform recently discussed in the Diet; and there were riots on the 28th and 29th of August. The method of their suppression was curious. The police hire a number of assistants, mariners, day-laborers, and others, all of them tall and powerful men, who mingled with the crowd, and who not only inflicted summary punishment for every attempt to create disturbance, but also arrested the most conspicuous among the rioters. Among the prisoners, fifty-six in number, were two opera-dancers.

RUSSIA.—THE JEWS.—There is passing at this moment in the North of Europe, (says the *National*), a fact of the highest importance. We allude to the barbarous measures which are being carried into execution in Russia against the Jewish population. The Autocrat has decreed the transportation in a body

of 150,000 individuals. Their only fault is that some of them are addicted to smuggling, and the fault of a few is to be visited on thousands of their fellow-citizens. At the moment we are writing these lines the sentence is being executed, the spoliation and ruin of those unfortunate men are consummated.

TURKEY.—Turkey has adopted some stringent regulations with respect to passports. One motive to these stringent measures is found in papers of an inflammatory nature circulated by the French mail, and by the *Union a Greek Journal*; but especially, it is said, in Russian intrigues to revive the nationality of the Porte's Slavonic subjects.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The India Mail by the overland route arrived in London on the 2nd inst. The dates are from Bombay, 27th August; Calcutta, August 15th; China, June 21st.

The intelligence, though not of striking interest, is interesting. Sir H. Hardinge arrived at Calcutta 23d July, and was immediately sworn in to his high office. He immediately appointed Mr. Bird, governor of Bengal. Lord Ellenborough embarked on the 1st August, and proceeded to Suez. A subscription was advertised to erect a testimonial to him, which was violently opposed by his enemies. The rainy season in the north-west provinces has stopped all military operations. Sir H. Hardinge would proceed to Allahabad, where the Lieutenant-Governor of the north-western provinces would meet him. It is said he will visit all the principal military stations in those provinces, and minutely examine the details of the army, with whom he is likely to be popular, as it is reported that he is empowered to raise new regiments, and add one captain to each of the actual corps, and re introduce flogging in the native army. The ringleaders of the mutiny of the 64th were under trial at Sukker; it was expected that a severe example would be made of those found guilty. There is but little sickness in the Scinde district this year. The Punjab continues to be a scene of anarchy and confusion. The British India Government is the object of their bitter hatred; and, it is said, that, as they contemplate a conflict with the British, an alliance has been formed with Dost Mahomed and his son, Akbar Khan, to aid them with a large army, in the hope of conquering and plundering the north of India.—These intrigues are well known, and although it is the avowed wish of Sir H. Hardinge to preserve peace with the Sheiks, it is probable he will be forced into an attack upon their threatening position.—The rulers of Cabul, Knadhar, and Herat are acting with great unanimity, and Heera Singh, notwithstanding the difficulties of his government, is eager to side with and be supported by these chieftains.—Gwalior and Bundelkund are tranquil. The last mail from London had reached Bombay in 28 days and 16 hours, which had given great satisfaction.

Sir H. Pottinger had arrived from Canton in the *Driver*, and had been received at Bombay with great rejoicing; he was welcomed with addresses, dinners, balls, &c. In answer to an address of Chamber of Commerce, he reviewed in his speech the late proceedings and negotiations in China, referring to the Opium question in particular, showing it in its proper light. He embarked at Bombay on the 27th August for Europe, and has come home in the *Great Liverpool*. The news from China is not of particular importance. In the papers great dissatisfaction is expressed at the meddling of the French and Americans in our now settled affairs with China. Mr. Davis, the new governor, had been introduced to Keying by Sir H. Pottinger before his departure, and they had held a conversation together without the aid of an interpreter.

Lord Ellenborough arrived at Malta, in the steam-frigate *Geyser*, on the 24th Sept.

The American and French men-of-war *Brandywine*, *St. Louis*, *Cleopatra*, and *Alcmene*, arrived almost simultaneously in the Chinese waters.

At Canton the populace were very unruly, manifesting, on every occasion a spirit of extreme discontent at the presence of foreigners. An arrow as a wind-vane had been placed on the top of the United States' flag-staff, and umbrage had been taken at this by the Chinese; on what ground is not explained. On the 6th of May the American Consul, Mr. Forbes, had caused the obnoxious weather cock to be taken down. While a party of sailors were engaged in this, a riot commenced among the rabble, some of whom pushed themselves into the square and threatened mischief. A placard was shortly afterwards issued by the gentry, strongly recommending the maintenance of good feeling. Intelligence of the 17th from Canton is contained in private letters from Hong-Kong of the 19th, more recent than any we can discover in the papers of the last named date. The mob had broken into the square of the American factory on the forenoon of the 17th, and endeavored to pull down the United States' flag. They were resisted, and a Chinaman, who turned out to be an innocent and unconcerned shopkeeper, was shot. At 10 P.M. the Chinese soldiers made their appearance and cleared the square. The populace continued in a great state of excitement, and Canton was placarded with threatening notices that the factories would be attacked and burned.

MORE DISTURBANCES IN CANTON.—A letter from Macao of July last, received at Boston by the overland mail, contains a few days later intelligence from Canton, than that published in the English papers.

Another riot had occurred at Canton, subsequent to that which had originated in consequence of the vane on the American flag-staff being in the form of an arrow. The disturbances commenced on the 15th of June, and continued for several days. A Chinese was killed, and the Mandarins demanded life for life. A guard consisting of sixteen marines and fifty or more sailors had been stationed at the factories, to guard the lives of the foreigners, and Mr. Cushing was, (on the 1st of July) about to proceed to Canton to institute an inquiry into the circumstances, and to endeavour to pacify the excited multitude. Many of the foreign merchants had left Canton with their treasures, books, &c., and the populace continued in a very excited state up to the end of June.

The Boston Mercantile Journal, from which we derive this intelligence says "we should not be surprised to learn by the next arrival, that the trade was stopped."

The Boston D. Advertiser, of yesterday, publishes the following extract of a letter received in that city. The rumor referred to is probably an exaggeration of the accounts given in the London papers from China.

"CALCUTTA, Aug. 17th.—We have a report from Macao that all the factories (at Canton) have been burned. I don't know if true. There have been riots there, I know."

LORD GLENLYON.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that Lord Glenlyon, the heir presumptive to the dukedom of Atholl and nephew to the Duke of Northumberland, who has given the use of Blair Castle to her majesty, is the great grandson of Lieutenant-General Lord George Murray, who commanded the rebel army under Prince Charles Edward Stuart, during nearly the whole of the rebellion in the year of 1745, until the battle of Culloden gave the death-blow to the hopes of the unfortunate house of Stuart. Lord George was obliged to flee to France, and died under attainder and in exile, during the

whole of which he experienced the most malignant hostility from Chas. Edward, but he enjoyed the friendship of the Chevalier St. George up to the death of that prince—and, upon the death of his uncle, the then Duke of Atholl, without issue, the son of Lord George Murray became Duke of Atholl, and from whom is descended the present Lord Glenlyon, who has now the honour of accommodating a sovereign of the house of Brunswick, at the ancient feudal residence of the Atholl family, and in the very centre of a district whose former inhabitants, the numerous clansmen of the "Murrays of Atholl," almost to a man, followed Lord George Murray to the field to support the claims of the exiled family of the Stuarts to the throne of the British Realm.

There is a report that Lord Ellenborough will shortly succeed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

THE INDIA RUBBER TREE.

A correspondent of an American paper, writing from the Brazil, gives the following interesting particulars of the process of tapping the India rubber, or caoutchouc tree, and of manufacturing the gum into shoes and other things:—

"The caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of 40 or 50 feet without branches, then branching, runs up 15 feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots, or bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that, like a cow, when most tapped, they give most milk or sap.

"As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise we were on hand. The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay, and a small pick-axe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the soft clay is formed into a cup, and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping perhaps 50 trees, when he returns, and with a jar, passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So by seven o'clock the blacks came in with their jars, ready for working.

"The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey.

"Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished) holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on with a third and fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats. When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time. After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together and slung on poles, ready for the market. There, pedlars and Jews trade for them with the country people; and in lots of a thousand or more they are again sold to the merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export, in which state they are received in the United States. In the same manner, any shape may be manufactured. Thus toys are made over clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c. in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in colour and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests of them exist, and they are frequently cut down for firewood. Although the tree exists in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into the United States from these places. The reason I suppose must be the want of that prolificness found in them here.

"The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but generally in the wet seasons they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk being watery, requires more to manufacture the same article than in the dry season."

"ADVICE TO THE POOR GRATIS."

The medical profession obtains deserved esteem for the liberality with which it acts upon this notification; but such generosity is not confined to the professors of the healing art—unless, indeed, we are to take the profession as one embracing in some sense all mankind, which would be so far justifiable, as almost everybody conceives himself to be able to cure his neighbours. It may be said of the whole community, with little violence to truth, that they are willing to give advice to the poor gratis. No one grudges his advice. It is a ready money which all have in ample store, and are ever prepared to disburse. Nay, the public may even be said in this respect to exceed the medical men in bounty, for they are willing to give advice to the rich, as well as to the poor, gratis.

To put this to the proof, announce your being afflicted with so simple an ailment as the toothache. Are you not sure, in that case, to get an advice on the subject from every one who may be in the company at the moment? No. 1 cries, "Have it out!" "By no means," says No. 2; "why part with a tooth which may yet serve you? Have it stopped up!" No. 3 suggests creosote; No. 4 laudanum; No. 5 brandy; to which No. 6 will perhaps add—"and water." Others will recommend—hot fomentations, external applications of ice, chamomile flowers, flannel bandages, ginger, tincture of myrrh, essence of cloves, and peppermint lozenges. The hydropathist tells you to sleep in a wet sheet, and the homoeopathist to take an invisible dose of poison; whilst a facetious friend will in all probability throw the whole code of counsel into the shade, by producing that much-worn jest of Joe Miller, which recommends you to fill your mouth with cold water, and sit on a fire till it boils. A burn or scald is the subject of an equal amount of contradictory but gratuitous advice. One tells you to hold the sore to the fire, giving as a philosophical reason, "that it draws out the heat;" perhaps upon Dr. Hahneman's principle of *similia similibus curantur*. Others severally suggest the application of cold cream, raw potatoes, flour, scraped lint, turpentine, wadding, pomatum, spirits of wine, and, in short, a hundred things all different from each other. In the case of an accident in the street, a different piece of advice is equally sure to proceed from some dozen of the bystanders. Verily, the regular men with diplomas are far from being the only people who give advice on medical matters gratis.

So also with other afflictions. Who ever experienced any downcasting misfortune, but he was sure to receive a vast quantity of good advice as to the conduct which he ought to pursue upon the occasion? Some advise means of repairing or overcoming the evil. Others are sedulous to make the unfortunate person aware that misfortune must be submitted to. They advise him to bear,

which is a very remarkable kind of advice, since it is almost impossible for the advised party to help following it. Unfortunate and poor people of all kinds receive a vast quantity of good advice, of which, it is to be feared, they do not always make a good use. The rich have no wish to conceal from them the arts by which they themselves have thriven, but, on the contrary, are perpetually advising them as to the proper means for improving their circumstances. Unfortunately, it is not always possible to take advantage of these hints. A widow with a large family may be imagined visiting a wealthy brother-in-law, to lay before him a statement of her unfortunate circumstances. He receives her with the most affectionate urbanity, condoles with her misfortunes, admits their extent and severity, and promptly comes forward to relieve her distresses, before she has even had time to ask it, with—his advice. He counsels her, in the kindest and blandest tones, by all means to procure her eldest daughter a situation. He suggests the expediency of getting one of her boys into some asylum for orphans. Then for herself, a housekeeper's situation in a nobleman's family is exactly suitable. Admirable advice this, could a widow with few friends and no influence contrive to follow it. As things stand, it is of about as much use to her as that of a certain fashionable physician is to his pauper patients, when, from sheer force of habit, he advises them "to take a little claret-whey, with occasional carriage exercise." Still, the intention of the giver of the advice was the same. It is not his blame that the widow cannot profit by his benevolent recommendations. And it must be admitted that, for one good advice which falls to the ground, from the inability of the patient to act upon it, twenty are lost through his mere stupidity, or his self-conceit.

Even to be poor only in experience or sense, is sufficient to draw forth a large share of this form of benevolence. Only appear a little irresolute about your course, or fearful of not proving competent for what you are entering upon—be young, be frivolous, be accessible or simple—and you are sure to have twenty persons of immense sagacity and knowledge of the world immediately around you, offering, nay, pressing upon you, advice gratis. 'John, if you are wise, choose the law; you have a bachelor uncle high in the profession.' 'William, avoid that family of the Scampers; the young lady would never make a proper wife for you.' 'You're a young man, Thomas; take a situation as a clerk, and don't go into business for yourself for some years yet.' You publish a juvenile volume of poems, and twenty critics, in the greatest concern for your interests, immediately advise you to desert the dangerous society of the Muses: Byron himself received such an advice from the Edinburgh Review. 'It is our desire,' said his lordship's benevolent censor, 'to counsel him that he forthwith abandon poetry.' There would be a vast deal more good advice given to thoughtless and inexperienced persons than what is, were there always good opportunities of presenting it. But, in a great majority of cases, it is found quite impossible to get the advice offered. For example, a merchant is entering upon an adventure which all other people believe will be ruinous. Hundreds are saying, 'If I only could get him advised, he might be saved from ruin.' They fear to offend, and keep their advice to themselves. A gentleman with obscure perceptions of arithmetic, and large capacities of enjoyment, is overspending his income, and hopelessly encumbering his estate. Every other gentleman in the county is brimful of advice suitable for him, but dreads uttering it, lest it be taken amiss. A young lady is understood to be engaged to marry a young gentleman who is thought, by all besides his intended's family, to be unworthy of her. All declare their eagerness to advise against the match, but refrain from similar motives. Thus an incredible quantity of good advice is pent up, and utterly lost; which all must hold as very much to be deplored.

While Advisativeness is a feature in all characters, there are some in whom it is unusually well developed. Impressed with a strong sense of their superior intelligence and wisdom, they are eager to diffuse the benefits of these qualities amongst their less gifted fellow-creatures. Being so fortunate as to be always right in their views and opinions, they labour to force these upon the attention of all who they think may be the better of them. Mention to one of this select corps that you have been insuring upon your life in the *Magnum Bonum Life Assurance Society*—'Oh, my dear sir,' he will say, 'let me advise you to sell out there, and take a policy in the Royal Proprietary.' You inquire why, and learn, 'I insure in that office.' Supposing you mention a school to which you are going to send your sons, he will, with equal anxiety for your good, advise you to send them to a certain other seminary—for why? 'My boys go there.' After a brief argument on some speculative subject (advisers do not like long arguments), he will cut short all with—'Let me advise you, as a friend, to give up these eccentric sentiments; they cannot but be fatal to your prosperity in life.' You vainly endeavour to get any reason from him beyond, 'I think very differently.' Men of this kind are well known to ministers of state, conductors of literary works, and public men in general, in consequence of their being so eager to extend to all persons in critical situations the benefit of their extraordinary sapience. Her majesty's advisers are probably the most advised of all men. Without any exact knowledge of the fact, but judging from mere general appreciation of human nature, I would venture to say, under a considerable penalty, if wrong, that the Home Secretary does not get less than twenty letters of the most profound advice per diem, at an average. These gentlemen it is who write letters to the Bench of Bishops in the newspapers, advising how to rescue the church from those dangers to which it is so much accustomed. It is they who recommend proper sites for all public monuments. They are also great in deciding on the comparative merits of contending lines of proposed railways—matters on which they cannot but be disinterested, seeing that they have not a pound of stock in either, but are only anxious to discriminate as to how other people should spend their money. Such a monitor general deems no subject too humble for the exercise of his gift. He is as ready to advise ladies how to extirpate wars, as generals how to fight battles. He tells a housekeeper by what means she may save a shilling a month in the purchase of coffee, with the same gravity as he writes a letter in the papers to the chancellor of the exchequer, developing to him a first-rate plan for paying off the national debt. Sent into the world to scatter advice over it broadcast, it is nothing to him how it falls, or where it germinates. Only let him say, 'I would advise you,' and he is content.

How lamentable to think that scarcely any of the advice that is thus sown so liberally comes to any good. 'Advice to the poor gratis' is a notification which were as well not made, for nobody takes advantage of it. Where lies the cause of this sad waste and misexpenditure of good counsel? Is it not in the fatal word *gratis*? All know well that things to be had for nothing are never esteemed. But put a price on anything, and mankind instantly begin to imagine there must be some value in it. Let me for once, then, be an adviser, and recommend my sage friends to cease giving counsel gratis. Let them assign a scale of fees for good admonitions, and upon no account ever give the quid till they have touched the quo; and they may be assured that none of their recommendations will ever then be allowed to fall to the ground.

WAR OFFICE, Sept. 20.—7th Regt. of Ft.: Lieut. D. J. Dickinson to be Adj. v. Dobbie, dec.—30th Ft.: Lieut. W. H. Heard to be Capt. without pur., v. Brev. Maj. J. Poyntz, who rets. upon f. p.; Ens. A. Lowry to be Lieut. v. Heard; C. Molyneux, Gent., to be Ens. v. Lowry.—35th Ft.: Ens. A. Tisdall to be Lt. by pur., v. Harding, who rets.; A. W. Ord. Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Tisdall.—37th Ft.: Lieut. C. F. Shum to be Capt. by pur., v. Brev. Maj. Lord Keane, who rets.; Ens. T. Hawley to be Lieut. by pur., v. Shum; J. H. Wyatt, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Hawley.—41st Ft.: Quartermaster-Sergt. J. Gillan to be Quarterm., v. R. Harker, who rets. upon h. p.—60th Ft.: Lieut. J. Douglas to be Capt. by pur., v. Townsend, who rets.; Sec. Lieut. J. Warburton to be First Lieut. by pur., v. Douglas; W. Hetherington, Gent., to be Sec. Lieut. by pur., v. Warburton.—63d Ft.: Maj. A. C. Pole to be Lieut.-Col. without pur., v. Logan, dec.; Capt. A. G. Sedley to be Maj., v. Pole; Lieut. H. W. Coulman to be Capt., v. Sedley; Ens. C. H. Bell to be Lieut. v. Coulman; Sergt.-Maj. H. White to be Ens., v. Bell.

MEMORANDUM.—The exch. of Capt. Pryce Clark, from the 54th to h.-p. Unat., on the 20th Sept., 1839, is without the diff., he having repaid to the credit of the public the sum he received.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Sept. 18.—Ordnance Medical Department: Temporary Assist.-Surg. J. M. S. Fogo to be Assist.-Surg.

WAR OFFICE, Sept. 27.—Royal Horse Guards: Cornet H. D. Trelawny to be Lieut. by pur. v. the Earl of March, prom.; F. W. F. Berkeley, Gent., to be Cornet, by pur. v. Trelawny.—10th Light Drags.: Capt. B. Harrison, from 11th Light Drags. to be Capt. v. Cathcart, who exchs.—11th Light Drags.: Capt. A. Cathcart, from 10th Light Drags. to be Capt. v. Harrison, who exchs.—7th Ft.: Ens. R. Kaye, from 70th Ft. to be Lieut. without pur. v. Dickinson, app. Adj. v. 8th Ft.: Lieut. C. Holder, to be Capt. by pur. v. West, who rets.; Ens. R. W. Hartley to be Lieut. by pur. v. Holder; S. C. Craster, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Hartley.—22d Ft.: Capt. T. White, from 42d Ft. to be Capt. v. Goldie, who exchs.—33d Ft.: Lieut. E. A. Milman to be Capt. by pur. v. Todd, who rets.; Ens. R. Lacy, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Milman; N. Kemp, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Lacy.—39th Ft.: Lieut. E. W. Frazer, to be Capt. without pur. v. J. Blackall, who retires on full pay; Ens. H. D. Gaynor to be Lieut. v. Fraser; G. Wolfe, Gent., to be Ens. vice Gaynor.—42d Ft.: Capt. M. W. Goldie, from the 22d Ft. to be Capt. v. White, who ex. 51st Ft.; Brevet-Lieut.-Col. C. Pepper, from half-pay 27th Ft. to be Capt. v. H. C. C. Somerset, who ex.; Lieut. A. J. W. Northey to be Capt. by pur. v. Pepper, who rets.; Ens. D. Stephenson to be Lieut. by pur. v. Northey; G. W. Drought, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Stephenson.—76th Ft.: F. A. Willis, Gent., to be Ens. without purch. v. Kaye, prom. in the 7th Foot.—92d Ft.: Brevet-Lieut.-Col. H. Blake, from h.-p. 6th Gar. Bat. to be Capt. v. R. Pitcairn, who ex.; Lieut. K. D. Mackenzie to be Capt. by purch. v. Blake, who rets.; Ens. C. M. Hamilton to be Lieut. by purch. v. Mackenzie; F. Macbean, Gent., to be Ens. by purch. v. Hamilton.

1st West India Regt.—Lieut. W. Stevens to be Capt., by pur., v. Wickham, who rets.; Ens. C. Q. Dick to be Lt. by pur., v. Stevens; H. L. Cafe, Gent., to be Ens., by purchase, v. Dick.—Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Sec. Lt. J. A. Layard to be First Lieut., by pur., v. Kelson, whose promotion has been cancelled; Lt. R. Hartman, from h.-p. 96th Ft. to be First Lt. v. Steward, prom.; Sec. Lt. W. H. Kelson to be First Lt. by pur., v. Hartman, who rets.; L. A. Forbes, Gent., to be Sec. Lt. by pur., v. Kelson.

Unattached.—Lt. C. H. G. Lennox, Earl of March, from the Ryl Horse Grds. to be Capt. by pur.; Lt. G. R. Pole, from the 93d Ft., to be Capt. without purchase.

Memorandum.—Sec. Capt. J. H. Cuddy, upon h.-p. Ryl Artillery, has been allowed to ret. from the ser., by the sale of an Unatt. company, he being a settler in Canada.

DIED.—On Wednesday evening, the 2d inst., at 8 o'clock, of yellow fever, Mr. Alfred L. Norton, of the firm of Wellman, Norton, & Webster, of New Orleans.

DIED.—On Wednesday the 23d inst., Caroline C., only daughter of John C. and Caroline C. Hull, in the third year of her age.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 10 a 10 1-4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1844.

By the Mail Steamer *Acadia*, via Boston, we have our English files to the 4th inst., they do not contain much of general importance, but are not without local interest. In our news columns will be found items to the latest dates.

Notwithstanding the general vigor of trade and manufacture in England, we perceive that the Cotton trade shews rather a dullness than an advance. Cotton barely holds its price, and if a new quotation could be ventured on it would be rather at a fall of a fraction than otherwise. This shews both the large quantities that were in store, and the care and economy practised by manufacturers in the purchase for use. It is an opinion, perhaps too general, that monetary actions and reactions take place every half score years; it may be so, but it is gratifying to observe that in England the ordinary symptoms of speculative madness have not yet begun to appear, and it is yet to be hoped that the paroxysm may be long delayed this time. Full work and full wages we find to be the condition of the operatives; we trust they will enjoy with thankfulness their comparatively prosperous state.

The accounts of the Queen's trip to Scotland, and of the improved state of her Majesty's health are very gratifying. Queen Victoria stands in the proud position of a monarch, the first to be able to throw off the trappings and ceremonies of royalty without endangering that homage and respect so strictly due and necessary for the support of her high station. She has broken the ice of etiquette which has hitherto bound in so many of those "uneasy personages" who "wear a crown," and shews that the bars against domestic happiness, so often alleged as the curse of royalty, are not insuperable. Nor, in her manner of visiting her own nobles does she find that she has derogated from the dignity of princely rule, nor has given occasion for arrogance or presumptuous expectation in the party honoured. In short we deem that the reign of Queen Victoria will hereafter be deemed an *Era*,—not of glittering wonders, mistakenly called great, but of far more important example to the great ones of the earth, of that which "passeth show" but is extensively and permanently felt.

So far as we can make out the various and conflicting opinions of the English press in the matter of Mr. O'Connell's appeal to the Lords, it would appear

that there actually has been some sort of collusion so as to enable him to get free; but the more we endeavour to unravel the affair the more we are obliged to exclaim that it is a most bungling job. The Whig Lords may have agreed to withdraw, knowing that their side of the question was safe, and the Tories—we dare no longer call them the *Conservatives*—may have obeyed the voice of the Premier; but what becomes of the fact, and what becomes of public justice? And above all, why has this singular farce been enacted? With respect to the first, The Fact is that a person notoriously guilty of the offences alleged against him has been let loose among the public, instead of undergoing a just sentence, and the means are given him of fastening a new allegation against the government; and secondly, Public Justice has received a mortal blow, inasmuch as any great offender, if he have boldness and perseverance enough, may have hopes to dragoon even the highest court of justice, and compel it to mitigate or reverse a just sentence. As for the thirdly, it is not palpable, but the notion has found believers that the Premier's seat shakes, and that he is endeavouring to conciliate or to temporise. Sir Robert Peel's doctrine of Expediency is well known and has been extensively practised; and as he formerly made concessions to opposition when he found that perseverance would be defeat, so possibly has he now given up the greatest public offender of the day to propitiate an opposition who threaten the downfall of his party.

We are actually supposing what we know not how to sustain, for Sir Robert Peel has always been able to avow his changes, and to give plausible reasons for them; but to do in the way we have supposed is to aggravate rather than to conciliate. That the Tories are decreasing in political strength we are obliged from various circumstances to believe. The removal of Lord Stanley from the Commons, where it is said he was doing more harm than good to the side he professed to advocate, is one of them; and the project of calling Chief Justice O'Doherty to the British Peerage is another of them. The former will be sunken among his *Peers*, and the latter will exactly neutralise the weight of the Law Lords. It is both ungenerous and unjust to allege that the principal Tory Debaters in the Upper House are losing anything of their efficiency in that branch of Public Duty. The Duke of Wellington is now advanced in years, but his faculties have all their earlier vigor, his opinions are listened to, as they ought to be, with unfeigned and deep respect, for they are those of an *honest politician*, whether they be correct or erroneous. Lord Brougham is a sure card to the party, and no one can doubt of his energy; his Lordship knows that the Whig doors are shut against him for aye, and therefore both his talents and his sarcasm are sure to be levelled at them without mitigation; Lord Ripon was never a vigorous debater, and is little different at this day from what he was as Mr. Robinson, save that in the Commons and as a minister in that house he was necessarily more alert. His Lordship is a man of undoubted honor and integrity, his opinions are always given in plainness and simplicity, and he is still as efficient in the Lords' House as he has ever been. If there be any real prospect of falling off among the Conservative noble debaters, it may be in the case of Lord Lyndhurst. Should this Noble Lord retire from public life, his party will lose an able adherent, but we almost doubt of any loss to the public at large. He was an able pleader at the Bar, he adopted and held fast to the politics of the Tories, he has even gone to the full length of their tether, and has always been consistent in his political faith. Yet he has always been a *Partisan*; and we have more to observe of his policy than of his patriotism. His loss from the ministerial ranks would be no small loss—to his party not to his country—and viewed in that light we doubt whether Lord Stanley and the Irish Chief Justice together can make up for him.

We have always expressed our opinion that in Spain sooner or later the talents and statesman-like qualities of Espartero, would be both appreciated and needed. That they are so at this very juncture is quite evident from the tone of the latest Spanish intelligence. The present government in Spain is held in contempt and detestation, and there are strong symptoms of its falling into utter disgrace ere long. It is true that Espartero has not yet been called on to interfere, for it is not likely that the Queen Mother will take such a step so long as she can possibly manage affairs without him; on the other hand it is highly creditable to the Ex-regent that he has not thus far made any manifestation, but remains altogether passive, although doubtless a close watcher of the signs of the times. The Spanish Journals intimate the probability of some Carlist risings; should they be to any considerable extent or importance, Queen Christina may find herself obliged to conciliate the distinguished exile and patriot, and Espartero is not the man, we think, to let private pique interfere with a great public duty. But the Queen mother at present wields power in an irresponsible and unrecognised character; her daughter the reigning sovereign, is evidently in so bad health that a demise of the Crown may shortly be expected, and Christina would be glad to hold the reins of government as Regent to her younger daughter, who is next in succession. Be it so, we can fancy that Espartero knows enough of the thorns of responsible power in the hands of a minister, no longer to wish for such an unenviable honour. With the Queen mother as Regent and Espartero as her confidential adviser and minister, both may be satisfied, and the torn and wretched kingdom of Spain may have a hope of some little tranquillity.

It is satisfactory to find that the war between France and Morocco has been brought to so speedy and so amicable a conclusion; but we do not think that the so much dreaded Abd-el-Kader is one whit the more nearly becoming a prisoner, nor that his projects will be at all the more cramped by the negotiations just completed. The French government must be aware that the Emperor of Morocco is under coercion, and will do no more than he is absolutely bound to do. He may in so many words "outlaw Abd el Kader," but whatever *show* he may make of attempting to take him, we may be assured that both he and every native of Barbary will rather connive or assist the escape of

the intrepid African, than seriously endeavour to lay a hand upon him. The Algerine war is destined to be a long one, notwithstanding the late victories in Morocco.

The Punjab section of India still continues to be in a disturbed state. This remark, however, may almost be stereotyped, for there is scarcely a juncture in the history of India for the last eight hundred years in which it has been really tranquil. It is somewhat like the Low Countries of Europe; let hostilities commence wheresoever they may, they gradually work their way into Flanders where perhaps more disputes have been terminated than at any other place. There can be no occasion, then, to be particularly uneasy as to the state of affairs there; its geographical position, and the peculiarity which gives name to the district will account sufficiently for it.

The news from China is of a rather contradictory nature, and needs confirmation; it may be well to hear farther from that quarter before offering any comment thereon.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Maywood, formerly the lessee of the Chestnut-Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is at present performing a short engagement here, his rôle being chiefly Scotch characters. These he plays with an almost inimitable fidelity and life-like identity, the dialect as pronounced by him is the pure Scottish Doric, (if we may be allowed such an expression), nowhere vulgarly broad, nowhere overstrained into mixed peculiarities, but rich and, to our ears at least, most pleasing. This gentleman likewise throws much energy into his action, and displays great judgment in making his points but it is somewhat to be regretted that his voice is hardly equal to the requirements of this house. Two things are evident of Mr. Maywood as an artist; first that he is fond of his profession, apart from its local vexations, and secondly that he displays much experience and tact in stage business. He made his bow, or rather his "boo" as *Sir Pertinax Macmystophant*, in Macklin's Comedy of "The Man of the World," one of the most difficult characters to be acted with propriety and discretion, for, besides keeping in due bounds, yet sufficiently prominent, the meanness and the ambition which unite in the character, there is the danger of an actor's running riot on the one hand or lamely halting on the other, in the Scottish dialect which is broadly put into the actor's mouth. Mr. Maywood is one of the very few who can do all this well; in fact it is one of his best performances, and we only regret that he had not a larger audience on Monday evening to bear witness to his merits. We suspect that this able artist, however well he plays the part, does not much like the character as an exponent of the Scottish national feeling, and we believe he has a fair share of that virtue called *Amor Patriæ*; hence, we can fancy, ensued the new character performed by him on the following evening, that namely of Mr. Muckle in "The Millionaire." This Muckle is the very antipodes of *Sir Pertinax*; he has a heart overflowing with kindness and generosity, and a hand liberal to profusion; instead of the prudent wariness so well recognised in the Scottish character, this Muckle is absolutely headlong in blind confidence; in short the character is in such measureless distance from Macklin's Scotchman that it becomes too extravagant for philanthropy itself. There are several expressions put into the dialogue which shew that the piece was intended to contrast with "The Man of the World," in fact that it was written "to order," and though it is from the pen of one who has heretofore been successful in short pieces, there are strong marks in it denoting dictation of plot and idea and of hurry in the execution. In short, though we very greatly admire the acting of Mr. Maywood as Muckle, we think the Comedy itself a very small affair indeed. A little *bijou* of a farce called "Grist to the Mill," has been brought out here, which would make ample amends for a dozen "Millionaires," being lively, witty, full of *contratempo*, and keeping both actors and audience on the alert from beginning to end of the piece. As we would gladly provoke curiosity to witness it we shall not describe it farther than to say that *Crisp* is very great in a mean mercenary *Marguis*, *Dyott* was good both as a Prince and a lover at first sight, Mrs. Skerrett was exquisitely pleasing as an *espeigle villageoise*, Andrews was good as a *walking gentleman*, Fisher and Mrs. Barry as a rascally official and his designing, old-maidish Cousin. It is from the pen of Planché, and is a delightful farce.

On Wednesday evening that sterling actor and established favorite of the public, *Placide*, took his benefit and present farewell. We rejoice to say that the house was a bumper, as he richly deserved it should be. On this occasion he chose two characters in which he may be said to stand alone in this country, viz., *Sir Peter Teazle* in "The School for Scandal," and *Michel Perrin* in "Secret Service;" these two pieces have been too frequently before the theatrical world to need observation on their plot and dialogue, but *Placide*, who has certainly made the two characters above-named his own, absolutely excelled himself at this last representation of them. The exquisite uxoriousness of the former, and the childlike simplicity of the latter are finely portrayed by this eminent artist, but we can fancy a very strong resemblance in many of the characteristics between the *Curé Perrin* and *Grandfather Whitehead* in both of which *Placide* may be said to have immortalized himself. He was called out after the performance was over, and was greeted with enthusiasm; to which he made a neat and feeling response, and intimated the hope of soon appearing here again.

The cast of "The School for Scandal" was an excellent one on Wednesday evening, there was not a character ill-played in the whole piece.

On Monday next Mr. Hackett will commence an engagement of only three nights, previous to his departure for Europe; he will open as *Falstaff*. Next week, therefore, will close the engagements of both Mr. Maywood and Mr. Hackett.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The everlasting "Putnam" is pursuing its triumphant career; the manager will become breathless from sheer success. The popularity of this piece exceeds that of any one ever yet produced at this theatre.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This theatre maintains the popularity which Mr. Mitchell has so carefully and perseveringly built up. The performances here are substantially such as have been performed at this establishment last season, but the manager has so completely the tact to introduce local novelty into his old pieces that they are like the fabulous prodigies which renew their youth periodically. One of these novelties is introduced into the "Open Sesame," and we suppose is suggested by the great feat of Putnam and his horse; it consists of a "fearful descent" by Holland upon his donkey, and of course, at this temple of the burlesque it is intended to travestie that of the Putnam. Excellent houses here nightly.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The principal attractions at this house at present are the celebrated *Yankee Hill*, and Mr. Morris, the latter from the Southern and Western Theatres. Mr. Freer also, an excellent actor, and at present having the managerial care is a great card, here. The houses here are always well filled.

NIBLO'S THEATRE.—On Monday evening this house was opened by Mr. Corby as Lessee and Manager. We understand it is intended to perform light comedy, Operetta, Vaudeville, Burlesque, Travestie, and Spectacle here, and from the list of performers advertised we should infer a great strength in this undertaking. Report also asserts that the Italian troupe lately singing at Palmio's, will be engaged here for a time to sing two or three nights per week. The opening piece on Monday evening was "The Irish Ambassador," the principal character in which was sustained—we need scarcely add ably—by Mr. Brougham, whom we never saw in happier vein, and who gave a rich specimen of a lively Irish gentleman. Mr. P. F. Williams sustained the character of *Count Morcnas* in good style; Mrs. McLean would have played *Lady Emily* well, if she had used fewer airs, and had let nature play more and art less; and Mrs. Watts, always a favourite of ours, spoiled her *Isabella* by making up her face abominably at the outset. It may be said this has nothing to do with the acting, but actors know that it has much to do with effect upon audiences, who do not quickly recover from any revulsion. We ought to have said that an opening address, written by Mr. Brougham, was recited—or at tempted to be recited—by Mrs. Timm; the matter was good, but the lady was imperfect in the letter. The second piece, a vaudeville, called "Sketches in India," introduced an actor for the first time to an American audience. Mr. John Dunn is, we believe, well known in England in the department of light comedy and extravaganza. He made a hit in *Tom Tape*, a stage-struck Tailor, and bids fair to become a favorite in his department of business. The Gem of the evening's performance was the Fairy Extravaganza founded on "Cherry and Fair Star." The scenery of this piece is exceedingly beautiful, gorgeous, and well executed, and the machinery is very ingenious. The only alteration we could have wished for was some little restraint on the volume of Miss R. Shaw's voice, for, with respect to it spoken, it was as powerful as that of Jupiter Tonans himself. The piece itself gave unqualified pleasure to the visitors, who called loudly for the Manager at the conclusion, but with good taste he did not reply to the call. We perceive that variety is to be the order of this undertaking, for a new piece is advertised for Monday next, called "Cupid," in which the new performer, Mr. Dunn, is to enact the god himself; also the favourite Spectacle of "Peter Wilkins" is to be produced on Wednesday; in which the skill of Mr. Heilge, the scene painter, will again be largely in requisition, and where the following cast of the characters would indicate a very superior performance, viz. *Peter Wilkins* (Mrs. Timm), *Phelim* (Brougham), *Nicodemus Croquequill* (John Dunn), *John Adams* (Stevens), and *The Nondescript* (W. Wood.)

Literary Notices.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION. By Emile de Bonnechose. New York, Harper and Brothers.—This work is considered as a proper introduction to "D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation," inasmuch as it takes up the matter at a considerably earlier date, and enlarges on the lives of John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Wycliffe, Zisca, &c. It includes transactions from the latter part of the 14th to about the same part of the 15th century, and is a highly interesting and important part of Ecclesiastical history. The work has been ably translated by Campbell Mackenzie.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. Part XI. The present number of this valuable edition brings us to the 9th chapter of the book of Judges. It well sustains the character of the earlier parts in point of Press-work and embellishments.

LESLIE'S MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. No. I.—This new undertaking is much upon the plan of Littell's Museum, save that it comes out every week, and that once a month it is to be embellished with an engraving from the burin of Sartain. This last is a strong recommendation, for that artist enjoys a deservedly high reputation, and the specimen by him in the present number is strong proof of it, consisting of "A girl and flowers," finely executed in mezzotint, from a painting by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.—New York: E. Baldwin.—The latest numbers of the beautiful octavo edition of this work have just been received by the publisher above-named. It has entirely set aside, as we have had occasion to observe formerly, the larger and more unwieldy edition, and is in all respects superior in the getting up, whilst each number contains quite as much matter as any one of those formerly issued.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—We are truly glad to perceive that this excellent Society is in movement for its second season. The musical world are greatly indebted to the members of this institution for being the means of making Madrigal music practically known in America, and they are now about to add to the obligations due to them by performing, in the course of their concerts, the entire operas of, instead of selections from, 'Semiramide,' 'Oberon,' and 'Israelites in Egypt,' for the purpose of gratifying those who have scruples about visiting a theatre. They propose to bring out Spohr's 'Last Judgment' in the course of the season. The first concert of the Society will take place on the third Saturday of November.

NEUKOMM'S ORATORIO OF "DAVID & GOLIATH."—This celebrated composition was performed at the Tabernacle, Broadway, on Thursday evening last. This splendid work is called in the bills a "Sacred Oratorio;" we can hardly suppose any other than a sacred one. It was played and sung in a very admirable manner upon this occasion, and the delight as well as edification of the hearers was heightened by the circumstance—honorable to the Composer's judgment and taste—that the genius of the music was most appropriately adapted to the nature of the sentiment. Not that there was always that literal appropriateness which consists in bellowing noises when the word *thunder* is uttered, or a high reach on the scale when *loftiness* is mentioned, but rather the nature of the musical sentiment harmonising with that of the poetry and of the supposed state of mind in the speaker. In this particular Neukomm has gone beyond any other writer of Oratorio whatever; in other respects, however, he has not attained that loftiness of thought which appertains to the writings of Handel, Haydn, or Beethoven, on sacred subjects. This work partakes more of the serious *cantata*, and, viewed in this light, it is one of the most beautiful musical creations we have heard. With respect to the vocalists, there is very much to admire in the style and the expressed feeling of Mr. Colburn; who, however, had more to do than his voice could sustain, and consequently, to our regret, he grew hoarse towards the close. Madame Otto sang a recitative and air in charming style, with some graceful *roulades* which brought out her peculiarly high compass. Mrs. Strong sang in smooth, dulcet style, and left nothing to be wished for except that her name could be applied to the volume of her tones. Mr. Brough was splendid as Saul, and being acquainted with the professional rules of art, he was able to make the character tell with the singing. The other portions were very neatly executed. The choruses, marches, and the battle symphony were all executed most superbly, and the whole business gave the most unqualified satisfaction to an audience that crowded the Tabernacle even to its remotest corners.

Cricketer's Chronicle.

THE PHILADELPHIA MATCHES.

Acting in conformity with our motto, we give below the version of those affairs as published by S—, who calls himself "the fighting man" of the Union Club, yet we hardly can believe that there is anything to fight about. We shall merely premise that our account was not a "lamentation," nor an excuse, but a relation of facts as clearly as we were able to make them; neither have we either said or thought of such a term as "miserable players" in speaking of those who were the substitutes of others.—But our "fighting" friend is perhaps only using a little jocularly; though be his motives what they may he has our best wishes.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."—N. Y. Anglo American.

Mr. Editor.—My attention ascribe and "fighting man for the Club" has been directed to the report in the New York "Anglo American" of the Cricket matches lately played in our city, which has given great umbrage to many of our members, who seem to think that the lamentations on the part of the St. George's official are rather ill-placed. In the first place they argue that the St. George's Club have no right to accept a challenge without they mean to abide by it; consequently, their remarks about their Eleven "being a greatly altered and reduced one in point of skill," should not be placed to their credit but rather to their debit, as it was undoubtedly a slight to the Union Club to play against them any thing but their best eleven. Had they stated on our ground that they could only play 7 of the first and 4 of the second, we would willingly have put against them the same number of our first and second eleven. "But no—that wouldn't do—it wouldn't read well;—it is a great deal better to play the entire strength with our poor eleven, so that we can have an excuse if they beat us—but if we beat them! Lord how we'll crow! Having now been beaten of course they fall back upon the poor eleven."

And let me ask, who are these miserable players! Messrs. VINTEN, SKIPMON, SAM. NICHOLS and JOHN FIELDER! Every one of whom played in the First Eleven last year, when the St. George's beat us! and have always been looked upon as a "corps de reserve" in case of accidents. And in this very match, two of the four made nearly one fourth of the score exclusive of Byes and Wide Balls, and the other two made as many as Messrs BAGE and SMITH of the first eleven! Besides, in making a match a Club, to be a good one, should always be prepared to meet such contingencies, and any excuses of that kind should be frowned down. At any rate we don't mean to have the laurels plucked from our brows by any such shallow excuses.

In the second place, the report states that Mr. WRIGHT "was utterly unable to bowl or throw a ball in," yet in the score we find

"Bradshaw—caught and bowled by Wright—8."

and to Mr. Wright's score we find 15 runs placed, although his fate is bewailed "as a critical one," "because the ball rose gently after the hit, was touched by TURNER the wicket keeper, and afterwards caught by SUTCLIFF at the leg" all of which I beg leave to correct by stating that the ball was struck to the off over the head of the point, who endeavored to stop it, but it struck the ends of his fingers and fell into the hands of the cover point who was at least 30 yards from the wicket—in my opinion as pretty a piece of fielding as occurred during the match.

And again in speaking of Mr. WHEATCROFT, a most estimable gentleman, it says that "though an excellent Cricketer," he "is not by any means formidable as a Bowler,"—yet Mr. W. is considered the best single wicket player in their Club, and has been quoted repeatedly for his quiet good length bowling. And Mr. WILD also! the swiftest bowler this side the Atlantic, the great leg breaker and Surgeon's best friend, is treated with contempt and considered as a "no choice!" Really, Mr. Editor, "man's ingratitude to man" is "obtaining to considerable extent" and it "shouldn't oughter."

Mr. FIELDER, too, had just cause for complaint, and, although done accidentally, his bowling TURNER out should entitle him to the "thanks of the meeting," for it really appeared as if the man intended to live before those wickets. He also bowled out a very capital player, Mr. P. TICKNOR, whose wickets are not generally found by a muff.

But "the most unkindest cut of all" is in that Report of the Second Eleven; we will let it speak for itself however. "Four of the St. George's who played in the first match did not come on to play the return match, viz. Messrs. BRAND, (in whose place was substituted Mr. SMITH of the first eleven) Mr. MARSH (who was replaced by Mr. FIELDER, also of the first eleven, and as good a player any day in the year) Mr. WINTERSBOTTOM and Mr. BEN. DOWNING"—very capital players no doubt, and whose absence, especially the latter's, was most certainly felt "at the mahogany," but, as an impartial critic (not cricket) I must say that Messrs. HEATHER and BAMFORTH in the field can beat them a few, especially the latter, who has had the honor of being beaten at single wicket by the unconquerable and unconquered SAM. SHAW—"the most worthy nerry of a worthy uncle." On referring to the score of these four "muffs" I find credited to them 27 runs out of 56—the whole score off the bat,—almost one half made by the party in the two innings! Rather good play for substitutes!!

Again—"On the other hand five of the Philadelphians were withdrawn from the match, viz. Messrs. Satchell and Richardson (both of the first eleven, which fact was plainly set forth in the report of the match, which came off in New York, published in the "Anglo American") Mr. Henry Wilson (a "very celebrated member of the Brooklyn Club" see same report) Mr. Anson—(one of our best bowlers and a capital fielder) and Mr. E. Turner," whose places were supplied by Mr. Moon—Mr. Sill (both good players, but at the same time bona fide members of the second eleven) Mr. Jackson, Mr. Knight (both of whom are Americans and of course young players) and Mr. Broadbent.

Truly, a most alarming change, and worthy of all this heart-rending lamentation. But it won't do, Mr. Editor; the true reasons of our success are not to be stifled in that way. "That we have stolen away" the game from them is true, but it was done fairly, and what is more, on a fair ground and by better playing! That our Club is the best on a fair level Cricket ground has been fully proved in every match we have played on one. Our laurels do not depend on the slope to a wicket, nor do we prove the goodness of our club by the badness of our ground. We ask no advantages for our bowlers over our opponents; all we claim is a level field and no favor, and when we do beat, pray give the devil his due, and let us enjoy our victories, especially when we, as a single Club, are obliged to play the strength of all the Clubs in New York and its vicinity.

Of course all these remarks are made in the most perfect good humor on my part, and although I deprecate any squabbling in matters of amusement, I think a little sparring just now don't set the game back any, as the next season will decidedly show.

Many thanks to you on behalf of our Club for your insertion of our report, and also for the two articles copied by you from Bell's Life, both of which are capital.

Yours as ever

S.

Philadelphia Oct. 14. 1844

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, October 25, 1844.—1st night of Mr. HACKETT'S Engagement—prior to his departure for Europe—"Henry IV."—Falstaff, Mr. Hackett.
TUESDAY—5th night of Mr. MAYWOOD'S Engagement—"The Rights of Woman," and other Entertainments.
WEDNESDAY—2d night of Mr. HACKETT'S Engagement—"The Merry Wives of Windsor."—Falstaff, Mr. Hackett.
THURSDAY—6th night of Mr. MAYWOOD'S Engagement—"The Rights of Woman," and "Tam O'Shanter."
FRIDAY—Last night of Mr. HACKETT'S Engagement.
SATURDAY—Last night of Mr. MAYWOOD'S Engagement—"The Rights of Woman," and "Tam O'Shanter."

NIBLO'S THEATRE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER, WILLIAM CORBYN.

MONDAY EVENING, October 25, 1844.—"Cupid," not a Burlesque Burletta, but a Burletta Burlesqued—Cupid, Mr. JOHN DUNN—with "Fair Star," and other Entertainments.
WEDNESDAY—"Peter Wilkins," with the following powerful cast—Peter Wilkins, Mrs. TIMM; Phelim, Mr. BROUGHAM; Nicodemus Crowquill, JOHN DUNN; John Adams, STEVENS; Nondescript, Mr. WOOD.

GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.—THE HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wearing apparel into cash.
J. LEVINSTY, 466 Broadway, up stairs.
A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. Sp. 21-1m

INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sail of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading Interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the *gratuitous use* of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEGGET, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, *gratuitously*.
Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. Legget, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1844.

IF P. S. Ships and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners', below—Brigs', alone.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
JUNE 8.

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—THIRD SEASON.—1844-1845.

THE Government of the New York Philharmonic Society begs leave to inform the Public that a Subscription List for the Concerts of the ensuing Season, is now open at the Store of Messrs. Schaffenberg & Lutz, 361 Broadway, near Franklin-st. Subscribers of the last season, who wish to continue their Subscription, as well as those who wish to subscribe for the present season, are desired to send in their names as soon as possible, as the Subscription List will be closed on the 1st day of November next.

The Government will use every exertion to render the performances worthy of the continued patronage of the Public.

The First Concert will take place about the beginning of November next. Terms of Subscription, \$10 per annum, payable on delivery of the tickets for the First Concert, entitling the Subscriber to three admissions to each of the four Concerts, with the privilege of purchasing two extra tickets for each Concert at \$1.50 per ticket.

By order: WM. SCHARFENBERG, Secretary.

M. R. JOHN A. KYLE, teacher of the Flute and Pianoforte, announces to Amateurs and the Public generally, that he gives instruction on the above instruments, either at home, or at the houses of his Pupils.

Mr. J. A. Kyle will also give instruction in the art of accompanying, illustrating and giving practice to the Pupils by accompanying them with the Flute.

For Terms, &c. &c., apply to his residence, 41 Forsyth Street, just above Walker.

O.12-1m.

ALBION NEWSPAPER.—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office. St.28-4f.

GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SUPERFLUOUS CLOTHING.—Gentlemen or families desirous of converting into cash their superfluous or cast-off clothing will obtain from the subscriber the highest Cash Prices.

To families or gentlemen quitting the city or changing residence, having effects of the kind to dispose of, will find it much to their advantage to send for the subscriber, who will attend them at their residence by appointment.

H. LEVETT, Office No. 2 Wall-street, and at 470 Hudson-st.

Orders through the Post-office, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to. [0.51m.]

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap.20-4f.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson), respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddard's Pianoforte manufactory.

Jan.20-4f.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,
(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
No. 385 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—LAW AGENCY.—THOMAS WARNER, No. 18 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c., begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such Law business in England and parts adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, T. W. on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby T. W. has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

T. W. therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill, and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms. St.28-3m.

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavoured in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-4f.]

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON WEEKLY PAPERS.

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS,
FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT, AT
THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [Ag.17-2m.]

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners.

May 11-4f.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacture. Ap.20-1y.

RIALTO, MONTREAL.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His viands are of the best quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier brands. Mint Juleps, Sherry Cobblers, and every fancy drink on demand. Lobsters, Oysters, Turtle, &c., received every Friday per Express line. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Rooms are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal.

Ag.3-3m

LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

A COSTIVE and DYSENTERIC time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Child in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Rash with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the **BRANDRETH PILLS**, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to it at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the **BRANDRETH LINIMENT**, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever and Ague the **BRANDRETH PILLS** are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the **BRANDRETH PILLS** secure to the human body, is **PURE BLOOD**.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to **BRANDRETH PILLS**—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the **BRANDRETH PILLS** surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

Jackson, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth,—Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1840 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Ag.17.]

INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use Parr's Life Pills where Health is a desideratum.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the health or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and deathlike state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this decreased activity in all inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, renders the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time effectually to assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the digestive powers, furnish the only natural stimulant to the liver. But whenever the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the bile is improperly secreted, and disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one form or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing months, and it may be years, of suffering, **PARR'S LIFE PILLS** are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal diseases. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him in health and vigor to the extreme age of 152 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicine in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unexampled in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceeding upwards of ten thousand boxes. They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street. Ag. 10.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, Aug. 1, 1844.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:—

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:—

A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of this State.
Thirty-six Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
Four Canal Commissioners.

A Senator for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John B. Scott, on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the 29th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Wards of said City and County; also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th Wards of the said City and County. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th Wards of the said City and County, and also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th and 17th Wards of said City and County of New York.

Also the following County Officers, to wit: 12 Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 5, 1844.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

WILLIAM JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public Newspapers in the City will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1st, Chap. 6th, title 3d, article 3d—part 1st, page 140.

Ag.17-3m

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blisters, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascaris, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity of internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself WELL and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,

218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing? He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Baltimore, June 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preserving Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good: the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above named Daniel McConnickan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,

Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles, which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

Respectfully,

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Kingston, T. Brickle, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
Reference—G. Merie, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
Aug. 30-1f.

DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness come on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take Brandreth's Pills; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, bitters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; it upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possesses before the absurd notions of the great advantages of tonic or bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well-being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day of bliss, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac similes of the labels on the box, it like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. (Sept. 21.)

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 56th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT, that greatest of modern scientific achievements, and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties. An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

The Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.